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MR. GLADSTONE.

THE retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE from the leadership of the Liberal party has now passed out of the region of speculation. It has been publicly announced as an actual fact in a letter from Mr. GLADSTONE himself to Lord GRANVILLE; and, although the party will heartily concur in Lord GRANVILLE's expression of regret and exostulation, it will have no hope of shaking the resolution of Mr. GLADSTONE. As if to preclude all attempts to make him change his determination, Mr. GLADSTONE let Lord GRANVILLE know that at this particular period of the year, when Parliament is on the eve of meeting, when the measures of the Cabinet will soon be announced, and when the duties of the leader of the Opposition are of more than usual importance, he has some special business of his own which will engage his attention. He has taken his course, and he has taken it after much deliberation. He has offered for sale his house in town, and is going henceforth to lead such a life as it best suits him to lead. He will write many pamphlets, and some books; he will revel in ecclesiastical literature and in the appreciation and expression of minute shades of ecclesiastical differences. He will cut down trees with the remarkable degree of strength which has been spared him at the age of sixty-five. He will occupy himself with social pleasures and rural duties. Occasionally he will come to London, look in at Westminster to see if anything is going on, and perhaps give himself the treat of joining in a debate. It is a scheme for spending the closing years of life, not in a great or patriotic or self-denying manner, but still in a manner that is comfortable, attractive, and honourable. To the nation the course taken by Mr. GLADSTONE is injurious, and to his party it is disastrous. The House of Commons rules the nation, and there are now only two men left who can rule the House of Commons; and it is a national loss that the younger of the two should announce that he is sick of politics, and is going to while away his time in Wales. Whatever may be the faults and shortcomings of Mr. GLADSTONE, there can be no doubt that he adds to the greatness and elevates the tone of the Assembly to which he belongs. The Liberal party has also its own very special reasons for deploping the withdrawal of Mr. GLADSTONE. For the moment, the Liberals can hardly be called a party at all. They are like sheep going astray in a land with little pasture and many precipices, who have just been told by their shepherd that he is disgusted with sheep-watching and is going to take a public-house and retire, but that he will occasionally look round to see how they are getting on. Possibly, too, the electors of Greenwich may have a dim notion that the purposes he now proposes to serve are not precisely those which they were invited to prosecute by seizing on the glory of returning the late PREMIER. But neither the claims of the nation, nor the wails of Liberals, nor the disappointment of Greenwich are likely to move the resolution of Mr. GLADSTONE. He has made his choice, and is lost to political life. Henceforth he will occupy the position of an English ESPARTERO; and will confine his political activity to occasionally offering the disregarded utterances of a sequestered veteran, and to blessing affectionately such of his Liberal admirers as may think it worth while to make pilgrimages to his mountain home.

But in one sense Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly free to choose. No one has a right to say that a man of sixty-five, who has passed forty-two years in active Parliamentary life, is not at liberty to spend the closing years of his

existence as he wishes. He, too, has his claims, and he may claim that he shall approach the solemn hour of death in the mode which to him seems most fitting. He has his own notions of the duties of each individual man to himself and to his Maker, and he wants to carry them out. He has worked hard, and this is the repose after work which he says he cannot forego. Every one has an outer and an inner existence, and Mr. GLADSTONE, like SOCRATES, has his Dæmon whispering to him that his inner existence is that for which henceforth he must most care. The friends of SOCRATES bowed in reverential submission to the announcement of the heavenly intimations by which their master professed to be guided, and the friends of Mr. GLADSTONE must do the same. Nor need they be much surprised or disconcerted if he too offers a cock to ÆSCULAPIUS. Mr. GLADSTONE's theological pamphlets may not be very wise or profound, but, like the sacrifice of SOCRATES, they accord with the habits of his mind and the prepossessions of his life. Some of the objections to them will also disappear when they can be no longer associated with practical consequences in politics. If Mr. GLADSTONE is to be a Welsh squire, it will not much signify that he should be four years behindhand in his appreciation of the proceedings of the Vatican, or that he should invent puzzles as to allegiance for the distraction of Roman Catholics. The very haziness of his theological views also, while it partly accounts for his ardour in ecclesiastical questions, contributes to the popularity of his publications, and puts him on a footing of comfortable equality with those who answer or support him. A statesman might very properly think as many times before he fanned the flames of religious controversy as before he demolished the House of Lords, but a literary Welsh gentleman can scribble on as he pleases. There seems to be an unreasonable notion entertained in some quarters that the public is entitled to ask that, if Mr. GLADSTONE writes pamphlets, he should write good ones. But this is making a very harsh demand on a retired politician. A judge who has earned his pension and thinks he has a taste for art may take to painting without being called on solemnly to paint good pictures. It is enough if he gets through his mornings harmlessly and happily, and if the frames at least of his performances make the walls of his drawing-room more lively. Mr. GLADSTONE's literary tastes seem precisely those which are most appropriate to learned leisure. An infinite capacity for proving that everything is foreshadowed in HOMER, and a relish for the subtleties of Pontifical speeches or decrees, are not perhaps very great things in themselves, but they seem admirably suited to furnish a stock-in-trade to an elderly politician who wishes to lead a life of laborious idleness in the country.

Something, too, may perhaps be said in mitigation of the resentment which what will be called his desertion will awaken in the Liberal party. Had Mr. CARDWELL remained in the Commons, there would have been an available leader, and consequently the irritation of the party would have been much less. But Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely be blamed because Mr. CARDWELL fancied being a viscount. The time must in any case have come when the Liberal party would have to get on without Mr. GLADSTONE. A successor must one day have been chosen by lot, if by nothing else. There is apparently no prospect of a Liberal leader being for some years called on to form a Ministry, but let us suppose that in four or five years' time the occasion arose. At seventy Mr. GLADSTONE might not improbably be unequal to the fatigues of the Premiership, and yet to replace him then might be more difficult than

to find a new chief of the party now. So long as he leads the Opposition, every other member of the Opposition is overshadowed. No one has either the desire or the opportunity of showing what is in him. But if he is withdrawn, the Opposition will have ample leisure to discover which is the best man among them. There must be some decent and unobjectionable person selected to go through the formal duties of leadership, to join in votes to the Royal Family, to take a prominent part in debates on the Address, and to interchange small talk with the Liberal Whip. But the prize of future eminence may be exposed to unreserved competition, and the Liberals may gradually discover who is the unknown great man under whom they will be content to rank themselves. The main duty of the Liberals, as they themselves own, will for some time be to watch the Bills of the Conservatives; and this duty is not one that seems to impose so awful a tax on human powers that Liberals need despair of finding some one capable of adequately fulfilling it. Besides, the Liberal party is not only in want of a leader; it is also in want of a policy; and although Mr. GLADSTONE could give it the former, he could not give it the latter. Either the Liberal party will break up, and its more moderate section will join the moderate section of the Conservatives, or it will once more be welded together by considerable questions being started on which all sections of the party can agree. If the former is to happen, Mr. GLADSTONE certainly is not the man to preside over the experiment. He is not, and could not be, himself, unless supported by a popular movement and working for large ends. It would be equally beneath him, and alien to him, to manoeuvre until he could get a timid and decorous Whig or Coalition Government into office. On the other hand, he has exhausted the questions on which he could command popular support, and which he could present with enthusiastic confidence in a popular shape. He neither could nor would invent questions merely on the speculation of a possible popularity attaching to them; and he leaves to other men and other times the suggestion, the guidance, and the success of movements which may be really popular.

THE SPANISH RESTORATION.

TWO years ago, when a Republic had been proclaimed in Spain a few days before, some enthusiasts even in England boasted with a mixture of surprise and delight that the overthrow of the Monarchy had involved neither bloodshed nor confiscation. An experience of some weeks was required to prove that a Spanish Federal Republic involved anarchy and national dissolution. After a rapid succession in office of charlatans and traitors, the most eloquent and least dishonest of the Republican leaders could only mitigate the evils which he had helped to introduce by renouncing in practice the principles which he had spent his life in preaching. The BOURBON Restoration has been welcomed with anticipations not less sanguine and better justified. The latest revolution is approved, not by a socialist rabble, but by the aristocracy, by the most respectable part of the middle class, and by the friends of order. It is well that the unfortunate work of six years is effaced, including two ultra-democratic Constitutions which had been already forgotten. Hereditary monarchy resting on a more or less legitimate title is the best form of government which has yet been devised for European States. A King of Spain who professes to acknowledge constitutional restraints has a prerogative more definite, more limited, and at the same time more effective, than the undetermined powers of a President or Dictator. Governing by sufferance, SERRANO could assume any authority which he might consider necessary or expedient, while a King can in ordinary cases only act through responsible Ministers. The Cortes which must be shortly convoked will have no power to amuse itself with making a Constitution, for ALFONSO XII. succeeds to the rights which were forfeited by his mother. A statesman of mature years in the place of a promising boy might possibly succeed in the gradual introduction of a free and orderly system of government. If the present reign lasts for a few years, the same result may be accomplished. There are fortunately no longer any Pretenders in the way, with the exception of Don CARLOS, whose chances are greatly diminished by the restoration of a King as legitimate as himself. Foreign princes have received intelligible warning that they have no business in Spain. It is an

interesting reflection that, but for the interregnum which is now ended, there would have been no HOHENZOLLERN candidature, and perhaps no French and German war.

Cautious politicians will remember that the young KING is putting his harness on, and not taking it off. Of his personal character and capacity nothing is known, except that at his age it is impossible that he should govern the country. The Ministers who may be appointed for him will have a great advantage over their recent predecessors in the opportunity of referring to an ostensible superior who is a symbol of supreme authority. If any sentiment of imaginative loyalty still survives in Spain, the errors of the actual rulers of the country will perhaps be imputed to themselves, while the KING will receive the credit of their wisdom or fortune. When LOUIS XIV. assumed the reins of government in early youth, he profited by the unpopularity as well as by the ability of MAZARIN, who had governed in his stead. It may be doubted whether a modern Spanish King will be as favourably judged. It may be hoped that King ALFONSO will escape the imminent danger of subjection to the baneful influence of the ex-QUEEN. He is perhaps happily ignorant of the reasons which morally, if not politically, excused her deposition; and his advisers are bound to warn him of the consequences of an administration directed by nuns, by confessors, and by profligate favourites. The effusive tenderness of the POPE, though it may perhaps serve a useful purpose in discouraging the Carlists, may be in itself a source of danger. The majority of Spaniards may perhaps prefer a King who is professedly orthodox or even decently devout; but bigotry and fanaticism are more unseemly in a man than in a woman, and even the Spaniards would be ashamed of the restoration of obsolete intolerance. Queen ISABELLA succeeded in compounding for any sins which she may have committed by placing her political influence at the disposal of Rome. The POPE shortly before her fall sent her the Golden Rose, which is reserved for the most deserving princesses; but she alienated the affections of her subjects more effectually by her subserviency to the Church than by the personal obliquities which probably suggested to her the necessity of doing penance at the expense of her subjects. Her son will find it hard to combine the approval of the hierarchy with the good will of the nation.

It appears from the most authentic accounts that the enthusiasm said to have been displayed at Barcelona and elsewhere is altogether imaginary. The people, in compliance with long custom, acquiesce in the decision of the army; but there is no reason why they should feel gratitude for a revolution in which they are not consulted. The KING has friends among the aristocracy and the intelligent classes; but the populace, where it is not Republican, has probably been rendered indifferent by incessant changes. The generals who have effected the Restoration are not likely to undo their own work, as they have neither an alternative Pretender to produce nor any inclination for a Republic. It would appear that they already appreciate the embarrassment which may be caused by a nominal King. The Ministers are not anxious for the presence of Don ALFONSO at Madrid, and it is suggested that the proper place of the KING is at the head of the army. If any meaning is imbedded in the conventional phrases of royal proclamations, the young KING has been advised to profess eagerness for military glory; but if the Spaniards were a humorous nation, they would perceive the absurdity of making a boy the nominal commander of an army which includes veteran officers. A King who by reason of tender age or any other cause of disability is unable to exercise his functions may ostensibly administer a civil Government with less inconvenience than would be involved in his conduct of a campaign. The war in the North is, if the insurgent chief may be believed, likely to be protracted. Don CARLOS regarded a Republic with disgust, but he is still more shocked by the spectacle of a Monarchy not represented by himself. The orthodoxy which has earned the confidence and the benediction of the POPE is to Don CARLOS more obnoxious than open infidelity. More Catholic than the infallible Head of the Church, he utterly disbelieves in the piety of his cousin, and accordingly he persists in re-establishing the true faith by force of arms. It is impossible for the moment to judge whether the Carlist manifesto indicates hope or despair. Although it would be absurd that the young KING should take the place of SERRANO at the head of the army, his title is likely to attract the allegiance of

those officers who adhered to Don CARLOS because he was the only champion of the cause of royalty. The campaign must be conducted by the generals who have promoted or accepted the Restoration.

The young KING will have no embarrassment to fear in his foreign relations. All Powers will be either neutral or friendly, although it is said that Prince BISMARCK is dissatisfied by the KING's unseasonable correspondence with the POPE. By an arrangement with the former Government two German vessels are to cruise in Spanish waters for the repression of such outrages as that which was recently committed by the Carlists against a German merchant vessel. The prospect of finishing the civil war is perhaps more favourable since the Restoration. The prosperity and stability of the Monarchy will depend on domestic policy. Some of the measures which have been already adopted are objectionable, not in themselves, but on account of the disproportionate importance which seems to be attached to trifling matters. Titles of nobility and orders of knighthood which were suppressed by the Republicans would naturally have returned with the Monarchy, but there was no need of hurry. Few persons in or out of Spain knew whether the titles which were habitually used had any validity; and even now the rank which they designate involves no legal privilege. Orders of knighthood were still less urgently required, unless it is thought expedient to confer honorary rewards on the generals who headed the late movement. Far more important questions will arise when the new Government attempts to fulfil its pledge of protecting the rights of the Church. The late Chief of the Executive power was not unfriendly to the clergy, though the Nuncio, who had quitted Madrid in the days of the Republic, had not yet returned. The priests have in a few large towns been subjected to affronts, and they may probably elsewhere have suffered injustice during the recent revolutions. The chief danger which besets a Royal patron of the Church is that he may become subject to its influence. Intelligent Spaniards would have been better satisfied if the KING could have waited a few weeks for the POPE's benediction. Blessings from Rome have in modern times too often failed to produce an immediate temporal advantage. There can be no better illustration of the antipathy which ecclesiastical bigotry has produced in Spain than the foundation and growth, in Madrid and some other parts of the kingdom, of Protestantism at a time when it is unprogressive in all other parts of the Continent. The KING's Government rashly suspended two Protestant newspapers on the ground, as the apologists of the Ministers assert, that they were Republican as well as heretical, but the suspension has now been removed. ALFONSO XII. may be well assured that his predecessors have demonstrated the hopelessness of founding a Government on the combined support of the army and the clergy.

WORKING-CLASS MEMBERS.

AT a late meeting of the revolutionary Club of many names, under its title of "Labour Representation League," the President expressed a hope that Mr. WALTON, now a candidate for the representation of Stoke-upon-Trent, would shortly "enter the House which he 'helped to build.'" If Mr. WALTON was thirty years ago a journeyman mason, and if he has since raised himself by ability and prudence into a position of independence, his career can certainly form no objection to his Parliamentary pretensions. There are already several members of the House of Commons who have formerly worked for wages; and although they have probably discovered the disadvantages of their comparative want of education, they have no reason to complain of want of consideration or respect on the part of their colleagues. The principal reason for doubting the expediency of returning Mr. WALTON for Stoke is that he is supported by the demagogues and revolutionary theorists who, under various collective designations, associate themselves together for the purpose sometimes of abolishing property, and sometimes of taking the preliminary step of conferring absolute power on the numerical majority of the population. Mr. JAMES BEAL, who is also the prompter of Lord ELCHO in his Bill for the establishment of a metropolitan Republic, Mr. GEORGE POTTER, Mr. ODGER, and Mr. APLEGARTH are not satisfactory sponsors for the political qualifications of an unknown candidate. Some of

them were, and perhaps are, members of the International League, of the Land Reform or Confiscation League, and of other Associations for turning the world upside down. As a Labour Representation League the party is perfectly consistent with the policy implied by its other multifarious denominations; yet most of the speakers seemed to be conscious that their proposed representation of a single class required apology or evasion. Since the abolition of a property qualification there is nothing to prevent the election of working-men, if the constituencies think it desirable to dispense with the securities for capacity and independence which consist in station, in knowledge, and in pecuniary competence. There is no doubt that tradition or prejudice exercises much influence over political opinion and conduct. It is still thought, in spite of the Labour Representation League, that the supremacy of poverty and ignorance would result in misgovernment, in universal corruption, and finally in the transfer of power from a Parliament of working-men to some more trustworthy body. Even in the United States, though workmen are the objects of profuse and servile adulation, they are seldom or never elected to any legislative or administrative office. One or two artisans have, by means of universal suffrage, at different times found their way into French Assemblies, where they have remained in utter obscurity. It is not known that the wildly revolutionary Cortes elected under the Spanish Republic included a single working-man.

Mr. NEWTON, lately elected President of the Labour Representation League, may be excused for repeating the cant phrases of more ambitious Radical orators. He also kindly advises the moderate Liberals to sink the differences which divide them from the promoters of revolution. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had anticipated him in an invitation which would be an insult if its purport had been distinctly understood. According to Mr. NEWTON, "the religious world had obtained representation, as was seen in the 'removal of religious disabilities.'" The repeal of the Test Acts and of the law which excluded Roman Catholics from Parliament was effected before the first Reform Bill, on secular grounds, in spite of strong opposition by religious factions. The analogy between either political or religious parties and the working classes is altogether fallacious. The divisions of legitimate parties ought not to coincide with social or economical distinctions. The organization of a class for the exclusive promotion of its own special interests becomes mischievous when it is applied to the acquisition of political power. An army must be commanded by officers, and not by privates. In every factory and workshop the direction of labour is entrusted to functionaries who by the nature of their employment are excluded from the working class, although they may have in many instances risen from its ranks. If the workmen are not bent on the attainment of some special benefit for themselves, they will seldom be inclined to prefer one of their own number to a candidate belonging to the middle or upper class. It is true that the experiment has not been fairly tried; for the so-called working-class politicians are invariably professional agitators. An ordinary carpenter or mason is not likely to think of becoming a candidate for a seat in Parliament. It is of little importance whether Mr. WALTON, who seems to be no longer a working-man, succeeds in the contest for the representation of Stoke. He believes himself to have been accepted as the Liberal candidate, and probably the local managers have found it expedient to support him. The Ballot has largely diminished the influence of committees and petty provincial leaders by enabling voters who would not openly desert their party or their colour to act on their own independent judgment. Any moderate Liberals who may be found in the borough will probably prefer a Conservative candidate to the political associate of Mr. BEAL and Mr. ODGER. At Northampton, which is reputed to be the most Radical borough in the kingdom, Mr. BRADLAUGH accomplished the feat, which he had often denounced, of dividing the Liberal party. Mr. WALTON, though he is less notorious, apparently belongs to the same school of politicians, and he will scarcely be more acceptable to prudent voters, though they may have hitherto called themselves Liberals. The outgoing member, Mr. MELLY, though he professed extreme opinions, has justified by his recent preference of business to politics the confidence which commonly attends prosperous traders. The difference between a Liberal capitalist and a real or nominal workman would soon disclose itself if measures affecting property were discussed in Parliament.

Professor BEESLY regards with affable condescension the probable continuance for some time longer of Parliamentary institutions. He nevertheless attributes some portion of his own influence with the working classes to the knowledge that he and his friends have neither a desire to enter the House of Commons nor any strong belief in the utility of Parliaments. In the meantime he co-operates with the Labour Representation League in its efforts to promote the election of working-men; and it might be almost suspected that he foresaw the tendency of a thoroughly democratic Parliament to destroy itself. The Positivists have never succeeded in making intelligible to strangers their own schemes for the government of the world. Intolerant of kings, of aristocracies, and of the middle class, they are nevertheless entirely sceptical as to the advantage of universal suffrage, and indeed of suffrage in general. Professor BEESLY says that he regards the working class as identical with the people, or with the community; and perhaps he would reduce society to a dead level of equality, only varied by the existence of an intellectual hierarchy. Not long since Professor BEESLY denounced the policy of Prince BISMARCK in opposing the pretensions of the Roman Catholic clergy, on the ground that even a false Church maintains a protest against the unrighteous supremacy of the State; but Professor BEESLY and his friends are perhaps incapable of doing justice to the Germans, because they regard them as enemies of France, the sacred country of COMTE. The votaries of pure reason are especially subject to the influence of capricious sentiment. It is difficult to understand why the agitators of the Labour Representation League and all the other Leagues and Clubs should repose confidence in their favourite philosophers on the express ground of their contempt for Parliaments. Humbler demagogues are prone rather to exaggerate the harm which Parliaments have done in former times, and the beneficent changes which will be effected by future Parliaments consisting of working-men. The devotees of the Comtist priesthood consist exclusively of those who may reasonably aspire to become members of the privileged order. The real basis of the alliance between political artisans and Positivist preachers is their common enmity to existing institutions. One of the allies hopes that the result would be a despotism of the rabble, which to the Positivist section would be intolerable anarchy. There is no reason why Professor BEESLY should not use any instruments which may seem likely to be useful for his own purposes, nor can he be accused of any want of candour in explaining his real opinions. He told the League with perfect truth that before the last election the working-men had overrated their power, and he urged them to take warning by their failure. One mistake which they have made is now irreparable. The Ballot has disappointed the hopes of its promoters, who, while they rightly foresaw that it would diminish the influence of rank, of property, and of character, overlooked the difficulties which it would interpose in the way of democratic organization. It may be hoped that for some time to come the House of Commons will not suffer deterioration. The election of half-a-dozen candidates such as Mr. WALTON would not create any serious inconvenience.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AND HIS MINISTERS.

THE Orleanist contrivance which was to give France the inestimable blessing of a Second Chamber was probably represented to the PRESIDENT as very much more promising than it really was. It is hard to believe that Marshal MACMAHON would have sent an ultimatum to the Assembly with so much pomp and circumstance if he had known how little weight his Message would carry. For more than a year past it has seemed likely that he meant as a last resource to come forward in his own person, and to overawe the Assembly by the unknown terrors of his displeasure. There was a time perhaps when this step would really have had some influence. But in the interval the MARSHAL has been steadily divesting himself of the means of making his intervention formidable. There are two things which are within his power to do. He can resign, and he can declare his determination to govern without the Assembly. But, as the *Times* Correspondent has pointed out, his repeated assertions of his intention to remain at the head of affairs till 1880 have had precisely the same effect as M. THIERS' repeated offers of resignation. Nobody believed that M.

THIERS would abandon power, because he was always saying he would go, and not going after all. Nobody believes that Marshal MACMAHON will abandon power, because his declarations to the contrary are so uniform and so well borne out by all that is known of his conduct. It is much the same thing as regards a *coup d'état*. The MARSHAL is considered too honest to attempt anything serious in this direction. He might possibly allow rather a long interval between the dissolution of the existing Assembly and the convocation of a new one; but that is the worst that is expected of him. France has lately been so much happier during the recess than during the Session that this prospect is not specially alarming.

Since the defeat of the Cabinet in the debate provoked by the MARSHAL'S Message the attitude of parties towards the Constitutional Laws has very much changed. The politicians in whom the MARSHAL is supposed to have the greatest confidence are now anxious to get these Bills out of the way. They intend, it seems, to declare the discussion of them urgent, and by this means to get rid of most of the formalities which ordinarily delay the translation of Bills into laws. The details of a Constitution seem hardly things to be thus hurried over, and considering how persistently the Duke of BROGLIE has striven to delay similar discussions, there is an apparent inconsistency in its being done at his suggestion. He may fairly reply, however, that by this time everybody knows that the Assembly is altogether unable to pass Constitutional Laws of any kind, and that the sooner its impotence can be made clear to itself the sooner the Government can apply itself to the consideration of what is to be done in the absence of Constitutional Laws. The Duke of BROGLIE may be supposed to have made up his mind that a dissolution is the only important card remaining in his hand; and though from his point of view it is an extremely dangerous card to play, the choice may perhaps lie between playing it and seeing the control of the game pass out of his hands altogether. Now, if the DUKE intends to take office on the understanding that he will dissolve before again leaving it, he will naturally desire to keep on as good terms as he can with the Assembly which he has to get rid of. The deputies must be made to see clearly that the Government has no alternative but to ask them to go about their business. Supposing them to see this, and consequently to bear no malice against the Duke of BROGLIE for his share in bringing about an inevitable result, they may be persuaded to arm him with some additional powers of guiding the elections. If the discussion of the Constitutional Laws is spread over the whole Session, there is no saying what may not turn up in the meantime, or what new combinations may not present themselves with a promise of something pleasanter than an immediate dissolution to attract the Assembly's confidence. If, on the other hand, the Assembly can be driven to vote upon the Constitutional Laws without further delay, the divisions which proved so incurable last week will still exist in full force, and even the deputies who most dislike the thought of facing their constituents will have to admit that there is no help for it.

This change of tactics on the part of one of the Centres has produced a corresponding change on the part of the other. The Left Centre a year ago were extremely anxious to have the Constitutional Laws declared urgent. But at that time this seemed the only way of getting them discussed at all, and, if they could be discussed, it was thought possible that they might be carried in a form which the Left Centre could accept without surrendering their principles. Urgency, it was then hoped, would be a prelude to adoption, whereas it is now understood that it will be only a prelude to rejection. There are at least two reasons why the Left Centre would like the Constitutional Laws to be rejected in a more leisurely manner. The first is that the chapter of accidents may even yet have something in store for them, and give the control of the elections to M. DUFAURE or M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER instead of to the Duke of BROGLIE. This is a very important consideration with the Left Centre. No one can say positively what the next Assembly will be like, or how much influence the Government will be able to bring to bear upon the electors. Consequently no party can afford to be indifferent to the composition of the Cabinet by which that influence will be exercised. This is probably the motive that deters the Left Centre from taking a more decided line in favour of a dissolution. The inability of the Assembly to frame even a pro-

visional Constitution has been so abundantly demonstrated, that if the Left Centre were to go along with the Left in demanding an immediate appeal to the country, it is not impossible that they might attract enough recruits from other sections of the Assembly to secure a majority for the proposal. But the Left Centre would like to be more certain of the result before venturing upon so decisive a step, and the only mode in which any degree of certainty can be attained is by getting the command of the administration during the time that the elections are in progress. The Left Centre are so far more disposed to a dissolution than the Right Centre that they would probably try the experiment at once if their own friends were in office. It is just possible that in the course of a prolonged discussion of the Constitutional Laws some combination might suggest itself to Marshal MACMAHON which would give the Left Centre this advantage. At all events, as they are not likely to obtain it in any other way, they naturally dislike the proposal to cut down the discussion to the narrowest permissible limits. The other reason for opposing urgency is that in debate the Left Centre will have a great advantage over the Right Centre. They have better speakers and a more presentable cause. They can point to the fair prospect of a settled and orderly Republic which was offered by M. THIERS, and compare it with the absence of any prospect whatever which has characterized Marshal MACMAHON's rule. They can remind the electors how thoroughly they knew their own minds two years ago, and appeal to them to prove by their votes that a change of President, about which they were not consulted, has not changed their determination to establish the Conservative Republic. It is never easy to say how far votes at elections are influenced by speeches in Parliament, and least of all in a country like France, where so extraordinarily little is known of the electorate, or of the motives which determine its action. But when the question is not whether to employ this weapon or that, but simply whether to employ this weapon or none at all, it matters little that its effect is uncertain. It can do the Left Centre no harm to have their case laid in full before the country, and it is just possible that it may do them a great deal of good.

The immediate situation, therefore, seems to be this. The existing Cabinet is to be strengthened by the addition of the Duke of BROGLIE, and probably of the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER. Until the last day or two it seemed likely that M. DE FOURTOU would be included; but it is now supposed that the Duke of BROGLIE has been unable to retain both his Imperialist and his Orleanist allies, and that his choice of the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER implies a final breach with the Bonapartists. At the same time it implies that the union of the Centres is more remote than ever, since the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER represents the most Liberal section of the Right Centre, and doubtless carries it with him to the support of the Government. The reconstructed Cabinet will then propose urgency for the debate on the Constitutional Laws, and the motion will be resisted by the Left, reinforced probably by those members of the Right who are pledged to oppose at every step the organization of any Government except the King's. Whatever else is wanting during the coming spring, there will be no lack of opportunities for the display of unprofitable oratory.

GENERAL GRANT AND LOUISIANA.

GENERAL GRANT'S last interference in the affairs of Louisiana proves that he has abandoned the hope of a second re-election. The Democrats have lately shown that they at present command a majority; and, among many causes which have secured them new adherents, one of the most efficient was the general dissatisfaction with the Southern policy of the Federal Government. On two or three occasions the PRESIDENT has employed regular troops to decide conflicting claims to the government of Southern States. It is doubtful whether KELLOGG, who has been recognized by the PRESIDENT as Governor of Louisiana, was legally elected; and there is no doubt that he is regarded as a usurper by nearly all the white residents of the State. The PRESIDENT himself in his Message to the Senate says with curious simplicity, not that KELLOGG was legally elected, but that on a balance of fraud he had a better right than his competitor. Vague phrases in the Federal Constitution which authorize the PRESIDENT to protect State Governments against insurrection were certainly not intended to invest him with absolute jurisdiction over ques-

tions of disputed title. If the PRESIDENT's claim is well founded, he might, at the risk of impeachment, establish Governors and Legislatures fraudulently elected in every State of the Union. His proceedings in Louisiana were the more suspicious because a chief manager of the Republican faction in New Orleans is both a Federal office-holder and a near connexion of the PRESIDENT. It may perhaps be plausibly contended that the decision of a superior authority in cases of disputed returns is the only alternative of civil war; but in the course of eighty years since the enactment of the Constitution there had been no precedent for Federal interference between competing State Governments; nor can it be doubted that the power of appealing to the PRESIDENT has a strong tendency to encourage fraud and irregularity. General GRANT would not have ventured to assume in New York or Pennsylvania the prerogative which he exercised in Louisiana and Arkansas. Two years ago he relied, with not unfounded confidence, on the support by the Republican majority in Congress of any measures by which he might establish or confirm the supremacy of the party in the Southern States. The reaction which he has in some degree provoked extends beyond the limits of the Democratic party. The Republicans also resent encroachments which they have discovered to be unpopular; and the ancient jealousy of military intervention in civil government is not unreasonably revived. The ready obedience which is paid to a soldier PRESIDENT by his lieutenants reminds politicians that even American armies need to be kept in strict subordination to civil authority. General SHERIDAN would evidently be capable of a *pronunciamiento* if the United States were degraded to the condition of Spain or of the South American Republic.

It is possible that General GRANT may have sincerely believed that KELLOGG was regularly elected, and that it was necessary for the preservation of public peace to maintain his Government by force. Two years later, when the respectable citizens of the State irregularly superseded a Government which they found to be intolerable, the employment of Federal troops to restore the authority of KELLOGG was more excusable. The Conservatives, satisfied with the publicity of their protest, abstained from all resistance to the Federal power; and it was understood that KELLOGG received a hint from Washington that he must not rely too confidently on the further assistance of his patron. At a recent election for the State Legislature the Democrats or Conservatives had obtained a majority of forty; but the Governor had appointed a Board of his own choice to determine contested elections until the Legislature should meet, and it was well known that, if the Republicans could secure a majority in the first instance, they would decide all the contested elections which remained in favour of the candidates of their party. KELLOGG's Board or Committee discharged with characteristic absence of scruple the function with which they had been entrusted. Even on their own showing, the Board have usurped the functions of the voters, by setting aside many elections on the ground of irregularities which in other cases have been tolerated. They allege that the Conservative party obtained its majority by intimidation; but there is no appearance of a judicial inquiry, which indeed the Board had probably no power to institute. Some of the Republican returning officers deliberately destroyed or concealed lists of votes which were favourable to the Democrats; and their accomplices on the Board refused to receive secondary evidence in default of the originals, and consequently declared the elections void. By various frauds of the same kind the Board succeeded in reversing the result of the election; but when the Legislature met, the Conservatives contrived by superior vigilance, in the absence of two or three Republican members, to elect a Speaker. The disappointed Republicans then disputed the validity of the return of five members of the casual majority, and insisted on their withdrawal from the Assembly. On their refusal, a Federal commander expelled the five members by force, and his action was afterwards approved both by his superior officer General SHERIDAN and by the PRESIDENT. It is not the business of foreigners to pronounce confident opinions on questions of American constitutional law; but the general indignation which has been expressed in all parts of the Union is at least a popular exposition of the law. It is said that three principal members of the Cabinet repudiate all responsibility for the action of the PRESIDENT. The cynical indifference of local American politicians to the moral judgment of impartial politicians renders the exposure of their

eccentric proceedings comparatively easy. TWEED and his associates in New York scarcely took the trouble to conceal their pecuniary frauds, which were indeed committed with the knowledge and approval of the rabble majorities at their back. The judicial and administrative agents of KELLOGG could scarcely claim the gratitude of their employer and his faction if they had even pretended to honesty and impartiality. The acts of which they are accused by their opponents form their title to the confidence of KELLOGG and CASEY. The important part of the transaction is not the rascality of the Republican managers, but the pretensions advanced by the PRESIDENT and the army.

In a despatch to the PRESIDENT, General SHERIDAN, with imprudent audacity, describes the Conservatives, who are no other than the white citizens of Louisiana, as "banditti," whom he is evidently willing, on receiving orders from Washington, to coerce or exterminate. His language is unconsciously identical with the familiar phrases of military adventurers in the South American Republics. "Felon "Liberals," "Clerical Assassins," "Savage Unitarians," have a hundred times been held up by ambitious generals to the hatred of their armed followers. In exactly the same spirit General SHERIDAN is not ashamed to denounce as banditti the class which includes all the wealth and education of Louisiana. If similar language had been used by a Federal general four or five years ago, he might possibly have been supported by a Republican majority which was irresponsible because it deemed itself secure. It is surprising that even General SHERIDAN should be rash enough to threaten the use of superior force against a political party which will within a few months succeed to undisputed authority in the Union. The incoming Congress will not allow a rude soldier to decide State elections, or to employ martial law against the representatives whom he may have presumed to expel. The citizens of Louisiana have been the victims, and not the perpetrators, of any public robbery which may have been committed. It would have been as reasonable to call them pirates or murderers as banditti, and probably the term of abuse was selected at random. It is not to be regretted that General SHERIDAN, whose military services might perhaps otherwise have been rewarded by civil office, has voluntarily announced his disregard of liberty and justice. General GRANT, who has adopted the measures of his subordinate, may perhaps have satisfied himself that his own political career is over.

While the PRESIDENT exaggerates the errors of his previous policy, the Republicans in Congress have made a more plausible effort to recover the public confidence which they had forfeited. It had been expected that the short Session would expire without any attempt to pass considerable measures; but the Senate and the House have unexpectedly concurred in a Bill providing for the future resumption of specie payments; and it is known that the PRESIDENT will not refuse his assent. The compulsory circulation of greenbacks is to cease in four years, and in the meantime the paper currency is to be gradually reduced. It is probable that in the interval some other method of attaining this desirable object may be substituted; but the rejection by the moribund Congress of schemes of expansion may perhaps exercise a beneficial influence. On questions of currency and commerce party distinctions are not strictly coincident with local differences of interest and opinion; but, on the whole, the Democratic party inclines to sound doctrines which have but recently and partially found favour with the Republicans. The leaders of the present majority probably desired to take the wind out of the sails of their successors; and a rivalry in sound legislation promotes the public advantage. It is possible that the more questionable Civil Rights Bill will also be passed with modifications by the existing Congress; but no measure is more generally unpopular, and any Bill of the kind will be defeated by the PRESIDENT's veto. The citizens of the United States show their good sense by their habitual indifference to novel legislation. Not a murmur will be caused by the practical non-existence of Congress from March to December. In England the measures of a new Parliament, and even of a new Session, are expected with eager curiosity. No American knows or greatly cares what policy may be adopted a year hence by an unpledged Democratic majority. After that time stronger interest will be felt in the choice of a new President than in the proceedings of Congress. It is remarkable that neither party is at present provided with a candidate, perhaps because there is not in the United States any politician of remarkable

eminence. Six years ago General GRANT was marked out for election by his great and recent services; but his career will not have increased the desire for military Presidents. American politicians are accustomed to use and to hear strong language, but not to be threatened by political opponents with the punishment due to banditti.

JUDICIAL REFORM IN EGYPT.

EGYPT is probably of all uncivilized countries that in which there is the greatest desire and opportunity of introducing something like civilization. It alone seems to escape from the stagnation which oppresses the Mahometan world. This is in a great measure due to the personal character of its ruler, who, if he has not always kept his good intentions within the strict bounds of prudence, has evinced a constant anxiety to see his country push forward. Partly also the advance which Egypt has made in late years is due to the presence there of foreigners in exceptional numbers. The construction and completion of the Suez Canal, and the expenditure of the many millions which the VICEROY has managed to borrow in the European market, have led many Frenchmen and Englishmen to seek their fortunes and fix their residence in Egypt, and the old commercial ties between Italy and Egypt have not been relaxed. No doubt the commencing civilization of Egypt is very superficial, and the whole fabric of Egyptian progress rests in a dangerous degree on the life of one man. The successor of the VICEROY may tread in his paths and carry forward his plans, but he also may not; and the adverse influence of a reactionary, or even of a merely indolent and negligent, Viceroy would soon make itself felt. There have unfortunately been too many instances where the impulse given by a ruler with high aspirations has been as temporary as it has been sudden for Europe to have as yet any great confidence that Egypt will continue to be as unlike Turkey as it is at present. Still the contrast is just now as striking a one as it is possible to find. The attention of the rulers of Turkey is concentrated on effecting the ruin of the Turkish provinces, on the exclusion of foreigners from enterprises likely to develop the resources of the country, and on the accumulation in the harem and the harbour of the greatest possible number of the causes and instruments of strife. The Viceroy of Egypt is intent on other things. He protects life and property; he is always planning new public works; he encourages foreigners to come to his territory, and makes it worth their while to come. For some years his Government has been occupying itself with one subject of considerable importance to foreign residents in Egypt. It has long been the rule with the leading European Powers to insist that justice shall be administered to their subjects in barbarous countries by their Consuls, and not by the local tribunals. This is the system which still obtains in Egypt. But it is easy to see that directly the relations of residents with natives and with each other become at all complicated, it is a very ineffective and inadequate mode of arriving at justice that the residents of each nationality should be for judicial purposes under their own Consul. There is, too, something humiliating in declining altogether to let the natives have anything to do with the administration of justice where a foreigner is concerned, for the rule to be rigidly enforced after a barbarous nation has made a decided advance beyond barbarism; and the VICEROY has shown a just sensitiveness to his own dignity and that of his people, as well as a right perception of what would really be best for foreign residents, in pressing on the European Powers the adoption of a new system for the administration of justice as regards foreigners in Egypt.

France is perhaps more intimately connected with Egypt than any other country, and France has accordingly watched with a closer supervision than other Powers the suggestions which the VICEROY's Government has made for a judicial reform. There is nothing intolerant or illiberal in the attitude assumed by France. The protection afforded by the Consular jurisdiction is known, real, and in harmony with long usage, and it is not to be lightly abandoned. The advance of a Mahometan country in knowledge and enlightenment must always be problematic, and any solid guarantees of safety are things to be parted with very cautiously, although a Mahometan ruler may temporarily have shown that he can give at least the appearance of improvement to his people. The negotiations between France and Egypt have been going on for many years, and one French

Minister after another has started objections or required further information as to the meaning and purposes of what was proposed. At last Duke DECAZES has brought matters to a conclusion, and has entered into a convention subject to the ratification of the Assembly. In order that the Assembly may understand what are the points which are now to be dealt with, and the concessions which France makes by the adoption of the convention, he has published a Yellow Book containing the documents necessary to illustrate the history of the negotiations, and has inserted a memorandum giving a summary of the reasons which have induced him to think that the convention should be adopted. He starts by admitting that the Consular jurisdiction is unsuited to the present state of things. What should be substituted for it has been anxiously discussed. Under the Empire a Commission was appointed to recommend the best course to take, but the recommendations of this Commission were not of much practical value; for, although the Commissioners were willing in terms to concede that there should be a new mixed tribunal deriving its authority from the VICEROY, yet they subjected this concession to so many conditions, and so sedulously guarded the action of the new tribunal at every point, that it was not easy to see how it could work at all. The French Government therefore went a step further, and consented to take part in an International Commission which should endeavour to see whether arrangements could not be devised that would be acceptable not only to Egypt and to France, but to the other Powers interested. This Commission was disposed to recommend much more unreserved concessions than had found favour with the French Commission; and although the French members of the Commission concurred in its Report, the French Government got frightened, and thought the friends and admirers of Egypt were going rather too fast, and appointed a new French Commission to report to it. This second French Commission did what any Commission would have done under the circumstances, and recommended something more than the first French Commission, and something less than the International Commission had agreed to. NUBAR PASHA was at Paris as the representative of the VICEROY in 1870 just before the German war broke out, and he and M. OLLIVIER drew up the project of a convention in accordance with the views of the second French Commission; and this project became known in the negotiations which were resumed after the war was over as the French project, in contradistinction to the project which, framed on the Report of the International Commission, had received the approval not only of the European Powers other than France, but also that of the Porte. France thus separated herself from the other parties to the negotiations, and since the resumption of these negotiations the time devoted to the subject has been spent by Egypt in endeavouring to persuade France to cease this opposition and to fall in with the views of the rest of those interested in the matter.

The chief point contested by France has been that of personal status, one of the utmost importance to residents in a foreign country. The general principle that the personal status of foreigners should not be affected by the decisions of the Egyptian tribunals had been conceded from the outset, and although no clause guaranteeing this was to be found in the project adopted by the parties other than France, the Egyptian Government willingly consented that the omission which had been due to inadvertence should be rectified. But then one of the questions of personal status is that of bankruptcy, and the Egyptian Government contended, with the concurrence of the other Powers, that the tribunal, to be effective at all, must have cognizance of bankruptcy. The French Government objected, and urged among other reasons that bankruptcy carried with it the loss of certain civil rights in France, such as the capacity of voting at elections and of serving on a jury. The Egyptian Government replied that the real thing to be considered was the general welfare of the commercial community in Egypt, and that the best thing everywhere for commercial men was that, if they could not meet their engagements, their assets should be collected and distributed among their creditors, and that it was too much to ask that this advantage should be foregone in Egypt because a French bankrupt might, if he chose to go home, find himself excluded from his privileges as an elector and a jurymen. Duke DECAZES owns that this argument struck him as one difficult to answer, and he also found it hard to

defend the present system, under which the assets of a defaulting debtor in Egypt are screened from the pursuit of his creditors until his Consul chooses to give his assent to the process, an assent frequently withheld on very questionable grounds. Conceding the general point as to bankruptcy, Duke DECAZES next tried to insist that acts of fraudulent bankruptcy should be withdrawn from the cognizance of the tribunal. To be proclaimed bankrupts by a tribunal in which they have little or no confidence seems to French merchants in Egypt bad enough; but to have their acts liable to be characterized by such a tribunal as fraudulent seems to them very dangerous indeed. But the VICEROY would not give way. The objection taken by France was not supported by any other Power, and the Egyptian Government calculated, and calculated rightly, that the French Government would get tired of its isolated position. Duke DECAZES states plainly that he has been beaten by finding himself always having to stand alone, and as the smaller of two evils he has decided to recommend the convention, even in a shape which he considers not free from serious evils, to the Assembly. But he does this with great hesitation. Frenchmen in Egypt do not like the convention, neither do Frenchmen in those centres of trade which are largely interested in Egyptian commerce. Duke DECAZES goes no further than to put the question as one of doubtful expediency. On the one hand, the apprehensions of French commercial men may be justified, and the convention may be the source of serious injury to them hereafter. On the other hand, it may prove that the mixed tribunal will be set up, and that Frenchmen, left alone, will find themselves practically unable to retain their Consular jurisdiction; and then the result will be the same, and Frenchmen will have to submit to the tribunal, while the special good will of the VICEROY to the French will possibly have been impaired, and the precious opportunity will have been lost of imbuing the tribunal from its outset with the legal notions of France.

COMPULSION AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

THERE is one fact connected both with education and with public health which reformers in each sphere ought carefully to keep in mind. This fact is the necessary dependence of the results upon the machinery by which they have to be attained. Few things can be less satisfactory than the spectacle of a sanitary authority sitting with folded hands in the presence of dirt and disease, and in the near neighbourhood of death, or of a village school large enough to contain every child in the village, and never more than two-thirds full. It is not wonderful that such sights should raise doubts whether too much tenderness has not been shown to local independence, and whether people have not been left to do for themselves what it would have been better to have done for them. What should an ignorant Board of Guardians know about health? or why should the application of direct compulsion have been committed to an authority which in many parts of the country does not exist? The Local Government Board in the first case, the Education Department in the second, ought, it may be said, to have been armed with the necessary powers to ensure a minimum of bodily and mental health to every member of the community. In this way England would have marched steadily onwards, instead of getting along with an unsteady limp, which loses almost as much ground at one step as it gains at another. Certainly this picture is very much pleasanter to look at than the dull reality which lies before our eyes. Those who have preached the value of health and education to a generation that refuses to listen may be excused for wishing that these two great ends could be pursued without the need of convincing those who like to be dirty that it is more agreeable to be clean, or those who like to be ignorant that knowledge is useful as well as pleasant. Unfortunately the use of local machinery for the purposes in question is not a matter of discretion. A scheme which proposed to provide Englishmen with fresh air, pure water, and the three R's direct from an office in London would never have a chance of being adopted, and would do more harm than good if it were adopted.

Mr. STANSFELD put this very well at Halifax the other day. He drew a distinction between the scientific sanitarians who put health first and Local Government second, and the political sanitarians who put Local Government first

and health second. By treating people as infants it would be possible to set their drainage to rights in a very much shorter time than it will take them to set it to rights themselves. But when the work was done the triumphant legislator would find himself confronted by this dilemma. Either he must give the Central Government the whole administration of these two great departments of public affairs, or he must be content to see all his costly machinery get out of gear for want of any competent hands to keep it in motion. The first alternative might be possible if the people whose drains are to be made perfect and those who nominate the Central Government were not in the last resort the same. But the proposal of the scientific sanitarian is not merely a proposal to make people healthy against their will; that under favourable conditions might be done. It is a proposal to make people healthy against their will by means of agents appointed by themselves. Of course if only a minority objected to be made healthy, this objection would not be serious; but in that case there would be no difficulty in doing all that is needed without superseding local government. The obstacle that really has to be surmounted is the existence of large bodies of persons, probably at present of a majority of the whole population, who dislike compulsory cleanliness, and have no faith in the dependence of health on ventilation. It might have been possible to pass a stringent Public Health Act which should have vested the conduct of sanitary affairs in the Central Government, because the stupid opposition which is most to be dreaded in these questions often does not know what a Bill means until it has become an Act. But how long would such an Act have remained in operation? Just so long as would have been required to make its purpose felt. As soon as that interval had passed away the pressure brought by the electors on their representatives would have been far too strong for them to resist, except on pain of losing their seats at the next election. There is a good deal of honest conviction as to the need of sanitary reforms; but it would hardly be safe to expose it to so rude a test as this. If, on the other hand, the Legislature had contented itself with creating local sanitary authorities, and leaving them no option as to what they should do, these authorities would have offered a passive resistance which it would have been impossible to overcome without a fresh appeal to Parliament. But by that time the obstructives would have been forewarned, and the appeal would certainly have been rejected.

This latter objection applies with equal force to the proposal to create School Boards over the whole country for the special purpose of enforcing school attendance. No one, so far as we know, has even suggested that this duty can be performed by the Central Government; but before entrusting it to rural School Boards it will be wise to consider what is to be done if they omit to carry out the law. As School Boards are constituted in country districts, it is certain that many of them, if to enforce school attendance were their only business, would be created against their will, and would take no step that they could possibly help. Their powers in this negative direction would be very large, and the only way in which they could be overridden would be by transferring their authority to the Education Department. By the time that this proposal had secured sufficient support to make its adoption decently probable, the peculiar circumstances which it was designed to meet would have disappeared. Curiously enough we have an example of the spirit in which many of the School Boards would approach the question of compulsion in the action of what are called Local Government Districts. These districts were created at a time when there was no other way to give a town district any sanitary administration whatever except by making it a separate sanitary district. It is now found that the existence of these districts is one of the greatest hindrances to sanitary improvement. The sanitary authority is there, but the disposition to use it is wanting, and the best prospect that Mr. STANSFELD is able to hold out on this head is, that by degrees many of them will be merged in larger areas. If every parish had its School Board, it would probably be said with equal truth, that so long as these obstructive little bodies continued to exist, any fair trial of direct compulsion would continue to be impossible.

The solution of the educational difficulty is very closely connected with the solution of the Local Government difficulty. The same problem—how to make people see their own interests—has to be solved; and the same obstacle—that

their real and ultimate interest is not identical with their apparent and immediate interest—has to be surmounted. To a certain extent, the question is one of areas of administration, and when the best unit of local government has been discovered, it will probably be found that this unit is the authority that can be most safely trusted with the duty of enforcing school attendance. In the meantime the process to be followed is in a measure identical for the two cases. It is most important in the first instance to have a large number of successful experiments to point to. It is in the power already of any sanitary authority to make its district healthy, and of any School Board to get its schools filled. Every case in which these results are conspicuously attained, without incurring immoderate outlay or inflicting needless hardship, is an incentive to similar authorities to do likewise. Every case in which, through the carelessness or the imprudence of the authorities, these results are not attained, or are attained at the cost of reckless expenditure or of a doctrinaire disregard for local circumstances and feelings, will operate as an excuse for leaving similar attempts unmade. The real measure of sanitary and educational progress will be the degree in which those who have the wish to promote them, and the capacity to promote them wisely, will take the trouble of becoming members of the bodies which have to deal with sanitary and educational subjects. There is no shorter road to success than this. The aggregate of national improvement in both directions will be made up of particular cases of improvement, and how many or how few these particular cases are will depend to a great extent on the zeal and the discretion of individuals.

THE ETHICS OF REVIEWING.

SOME letters have recently appeared from indignant authors, who fancy—not a very rare fancy in authors—that their books have been unjustly criticized. The simple-minded complaints of the last new poet that he is being crushed like Keats, or of the last new metaphysician that his reviewer is hopelessly unable to reason, deserve in a general way very little attention. The letters, however, of which we are speaking made a more specific complaint. They alleged certain pieces of circumstantial evidence to show that their critics had not read their books. Such complaints may rest upon a simple misunderstanding. When, for example, a gentleman says that his book has not been read because he has discovered an uncut copy in the hands of the reviewer, he forgets that the reviewer may possess, as in fact he frequently does possess, more than one copy of a book. But we are by no means prepared to assert that all reviewers in all English newspapers are as scrupulous as they ought to be. Any book which is worth the slightest notice is reviewed in so many different papers that we should be very sorry to answer for all who sit in judgment upon it. Indeed we may frankly admit that we have seen some reviews of which it is the apparent object to set forth the author's wit or eloquence, or probably to conceal his ignorance. Without asking how far the actual critic approaches the ideal excellences of penetration, skill, impartiality, and care, it may be worth while to say a word or two as to the rules by which, in our opinion, critics ought to be bound.

The first and most obvious rule of course is that a critic should have read the book which he is reviewing. There are exceptions to this rule, as in the case of books of reference, which can only be fully tried by long use, and where it is plain that the reviewer can only have tested the performance by a certain number of samples fairly chosen; and there are other cases in which the nature of the review makes it sufficiently clear that it does not profess to be founded on a complete study of the work. But, putting aside such exceptions, the author may fairly demand that his book should have been thoroughly examined. Whether the author is the gainer by such a rule may indeed be doubted. We have not seldom read novels which begin with a great deal of spirit and become intolerably wearisome long before the end of the third volume. And when from a sense of duty we have ploughed through the wearisome mass of verbiage, we may be tempted to revenge ourselves upon the author for the trouble and the disappointment which he has caused. The author, however, is not, though he frequently fancies himself to be, the only person interested. Probably, as a rule, the sins of critics are more frequently on the side of indulgence than of severity. The normal function of criticism is to preserve a certain standard of accuracy and scholarship, and to keep empty pretenders in awe. There is another much rarer and indeed higher function which consists in discovering and encouraging young writers of promise. Most of the ordinary commonplaces about criticism depend upon the assumption that this, which is the rare exception, is the ordinary case. We are always hearing of the mischief done to sensitive genius by the old slashing critics of the *Edinburgh Review* or the party violence of *Blackwood* in a past generation. The popular impression, founded upon such precedents, is that a critic is a coarse cynic who goes about trampling

on the tender toes of rising genius; and the remedy for existing evils is therefore sought in some method which will make critics more shy of distributing their censures. We do not deny that harsh words carelessly uttered may inflict a great deal of unnecessary pain; and probably anybody who has had much practice in the art has learnt to become more tolerant with age. He will be content to intimate that an author is a fool, and not be too anxious to turn him out for the rather cruel sport of a public baiting, or to fix barbed epigrams in his side. But a remedy which should lead to a general softening of criticism would probably do more harm than good. The cases of nipping rising genius in the bud are so rare that it would be difficult to produce an authentic instance. For, in the first place, rising genius is an exceedingly rare phenomenon, and a generation is lucky which counts as many as half-a-dozen indisputable cases. In the next place, rising genius is very seldom quenched by adverse criticism; it is generally combined with a good supply of vanity or self-confidence which enables it to resist the taunts of the enemy; it is almost always surrounded by a little court of youthful admirers, whose praise not unfrequently produces a certain intoxication which may be cured by a cold bath of adverse criticism. And, moreover, at the present day genius is much more frequently injured by flattery than by censure. Genius is scarcely ever allowed to be free from self-consciousness, and it is lucky if such consciousness includes a sense of vices as well as of virtues. So many critics have arisen of the gushing and enthusiastic school, that we should be inclined to fancy that a fresh master-mind was being discovered every other week. If such impulsive criticism were to be trusted, we should imagine that we lived in an age more fertile in poetical genius than the age of Spenser and Shakespeare. We have seen within a year or two the advent of several novelists the weakest of whom combined the best qualities of Dickens and Thackeray with none of their faults, and added special merits of his own. And yet we are not aware that at the present moment we have a superabundance of imaginative writers of the first class. If there is any youth now living whose writings will be the delight of future ages, he has not been overlooked for any want of enthusiasm. It may be that he is in process of being spoiled by flattery, or it may be that he is being discouraged by the thought that so abundant a shower of compliments must fall alike upon the good and the evil, and make the road to eminence difficult, not from excess of censure, but from absence of discrimination.

In any case, however, these are the exceptional cases. The ordinary task of the critic is, as we have said, to maintain a certain standard of excellence; and this implies impartial censure of shortcomings as well as generous praise of true merit. It is no easy task to keep down the continual growth of charlatans. Any man who has a certain trick of style may be tolerably certain of a large audience. Picturesque description and strong party spirit will cover a multitude of sins. There is no danger that qualities of that kind will be overlooked; and, if only in justice to writers of more solid excellence, it is essential that somebody should point out that declamation is not reasoning; that an historian ought to attend to his authorities as well as to his prejudices; and that a professed scholar should not cover ignorance of philology by facility in using the jargon of æsthetic enthusiasm. The field of literature is so wide, and there are so many candidates for fame with little more qualification than a love of notoriety, that the most important function of the critic probably consists in a rigid application of severe tests. A good deal of such criticism will necessarily be negative in its expression; but indirectly it will be of value to the best workman because it will secure the application of a steady gauge to his performances. For criticism of this kind it is an essential condition that the writer should be cool, temperate, and independent. One of the suggestions that have been made is that anonymous criticism should be as much suppressed as possible. The general question of the advantages of anonymous journalism is a large one, upon which we cannot touch at the present moment. We may say, however, that the case for anonymous writing seems to be, if anything, strongest in regard to anonymous criticism. There is an obvious presumption that a writer who gives his name will be tempted to give way to merely personal considerations. Tell truth, it is said, and shame the Devil—a candid expression of unfavourable opinion will never provoke any reasonable person. We fear that experience would prove that this agreeable maxim is not to be received too confidently in actual practice. An author is, *primâ facie*, an utterly unreasonable person. He has, as a general rule, an entirely false view of his own importance and of the merits of his work. A critic, we may suppose, has a friend who considers himself to be a good poet or logician. The critic holds, and his opinion does not imply the slightest disloyalty, that his friend is a second-rate rhymester, or that he could not put together a trustworthy syllogism to save his life. Now the two men must be very amiably constituted if the friendship is not more or less injured by the frank expression of such an opinion. Let any man tell his best friend that he heartily loves him, that he thinks him a person of the most amiable character and the highest regard for truth, but that, to speak frankly, he considers his attempts at humour to be heavy, his poetry a mere jingle of words, or his reasoning little better than twaddle. If, after such an avowal, the friendship does not suffer, we should be considerably surprised. The very condition of social life is that, though we are bound to speak the truth, we are not bound to speak the whole truth as to our opinion of each other. Society could not hold together if each of us were forced to point out to our friends every

fault of manner and character by which they annoy us. It is, on the other hand, the condition of sound criticism that all faults should be frankly noticed and stated without exaggeration or extenuation. To reconcile the two codes would be a task beyond the power of ordinary mortals. The difficulty is greatly increased when we consider the way in which the removal of the restriction would work in practice. Everybody who writes, or is supposed to write, reviews is constantly exposed to the solicitations of authors. He receives all manner of indirect applications to secure a notice for this or that wonderful performance. He can at present defend himself to a certain extent by a little diplomacy. There is a tacit understanding that it is not fair to push him beyond a certain point. He may give an evasive answer, or hand the book over to some anonymous friend. But if he has to stand up in his own proper person to avow his opinions to all the world, if not only the friend, but all the friend's friends, know that he is the responsible person, he will clearly be much more liable to all the ingenious arts of private influence. You dined at my table, it will be said to him, and yet you think that my explanation of Berkeley's theory of vision involves a palpable misunderstanding. You must obviously have been influenced by a private pique, and will have to wait some time before you receive another invitation. Why should a difficult and delicate task be made so much more complicated? Why should a difference of opinion be troubled by personal feelings? Nobody, it is to be hoped, thinks it necessary to confine his friendships to sound metaphysicians or first-rate poets, and yet, if a man says plainly that any of his friends are wanting in those capacities, the quarrel is pretty sure to extend further. It is as well that we should put on masks before we try the dangerous experiment of speaking the plain truth about each other's failings.

Of course a bad use may be made of the mask. A man may take advantage of it to tell lies instead of speaking the truth. He may make use of personal knowledge to make imputations on which he would not venture in his own character. The real question is whether such abuses do in fact exist, or exist to such an extent as to counterbalance the evil of limiting the independence of criticism. Doubtless they did at one time exist to some extent; and the improvement in the morality of journalism which has taken place is some proof that the proposed remedy is not essential. But it would be difficult to discuss the matter fully without entering into discussions to which we are too much a party to have an independent authority. We can only say briefly that we do not think that, as a matter of fact, there is any disease to require such a cure.

ATHENS AS IT IS.

DR. DYER'S large work on Ancient Athens, published about a year ago, ought to revive interest in one of the most conspicuous cities of antiquity, which widely attracted the sympathetic attention of men of the generation now passing away, but has in recent times been strangely neglected by Western Europe. The Philhellenes of the time of Byron and Wilhelm Müller are almost extinct, and if their successors nowadays seek a rejuvenescence on which to bestow their sympathies, united Italy is more likely to attract them. Since Greeks have had a country of their own to live in they have ceased to be as interesting as when they pleaded their woes in exile to the credulous ears of English drawing-rooms. Moreover what has reached our ears of them has not always teemed with heroic virtue. Politically Greece has been a disappointment; and much of our fathers' interest in her was bound up with political hopes. Yet even the Philhellenes would scarcely have cared so much for her merely as a victim of Turkish oppression; their sympathy was excited for her as the conqueror of Marathon, the mother of Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, and Pheidias, the first Republican State in the world. Her claims to our affection for the part she formerly played as the earliest civilizer of the Western world are not lessened by modern political unworthiness; still less are the remains of ancient art to be seen on her shores diminished in glory since Byron wrote of the Isles of Greece. Yet, until Dr. Dyer's work appeared, how little we have heard of late years of visits even to Athens, at once the most accessible and the most interesting spot in all Greece!

We shall therefore venture to say a little of Athens as it now is, believing that what we say will be new to some readers at least, and certainly to those who have seen no newer books than Leake's or Wordsworth's. Wordsworth's *Athens and Attica* is the record of a tour made in 1832 and 1833, and is obsolete as a guide-book, so much has been discovered by excavation since that time; but as a storehouse of classical quotations most apt for the identification of localities it is indispensable to any visitor who in the modern Athens desires to find the old. Dr. Dyer brings his record down to the present day, and presents a far fuller history of all the buildings and inscriptions, with the various opinions held concerning them, and gives a sufficient array of woodcut illustrations. But his book is too large for an ordinary traveller's luggage; and if the chief bookseller of Athens has heard of it, it must have been very recently.

The modern traveller almost of necessity approaches Athens by sea, either round the Morea by the French steamer, or from Corfu by the Greek steamer, up the Corinthian gulf, across the Isthmus, and by steamer again over the Saronic gulf to the Piræus. The latter is a very striking route, not only for the grand views of the snowy Parnassus and its surrounding mountains, but for the distant views obtained of the Acropolis of Athens

itself, and of the entire environment of the city, which gradually increase in size for two or three hours before the port is reached. On a sunny day the columns of the Parthenon are of dazzling white at the very furthest point whence they can be seen at all. One cannot look at this picture and not understand how and why Athens in old times ruled the waves; or how her dominion, flaunted in the very sight of Corinthus, Argos, and Epidauros, aroused jealousy among her sister States. From a distance, moreover, before either Salamis or Ægina is approached, the whole western coast of Attica down to the shining white rocks of Sunium is seen at once; and Athens is recognized surrounded by a circle of hills, the nearer heights of the Acropolis, the Museion hill in front, and Lycabettus behind, and the more distant but grander elevations of Hymettus on the right, Parnes on the left, and Pentelicus between. The comparative heights of these hills can be understood much better at this distance than anywhere near Athens itself; and the Parthenon nowhere inspires such wonder as here, where, although there is no other building to be clearly seen, its front pillars can be easily counted as they gleam with snowy whiteness in the sunlight. How the gigantic bronze statue of Athena Promachos with gold-pointed lance would have gleamed over the Propylæa and Parthenon we cannot now see, but must imagine from the fact that the point of the lance was seen from the sea at the southernmost point of Attica. As the port is neared, the scene is altered. The grand distant heights of Pentelicus and Parnes, covered in the early spring with copious snow, recede behind lower but nearer hills: Hymettus alone of the higher mountains remains in sight, a long, bright, and breezy hillside which must afford the Athenians as much enjoyment as do Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags to their Northern namesakes. Even Athens and its Acropolis are invisible as the Peiræus is entered. The ports of Peiræus, Munychia, and Phalerum, and all the topography of Salamis opposite, are highly interesting, so certainly can every point here be identified. The wisdom of Pericles in founding the new port of Peiræus is certainly conspicuous; though its entrance is narrow for modern ships of larger size than Pericles ever dreamed of, it is admirable for size, depth of water, and shelter. The modern town which clusters round this harbour has warehouses and houses of considerable size, and is still increasing. It is an ordinary thriving modern seaport, and shows few traces of antiquity, except the walls of Themistocles, which, after running down from Athens to connect the capital with the sea, spread out and enclose the Peiræus. In some places large pieces of the Long Walls remain entire, and their general course can be traced. The four miles from the port to Athens show nothing interesting to the ordinary traveller; they may be traversed either on a dusty road or on the only railway in Greece.

At the entrance of the city, which is marked by no walls or gate, the first really striking object that meets the eye, except the Acropolis itself, is the Theseion, the only building that remains perfect to this day, and one of the noblest examples of a Greek temple. It stands on the right, beneath the Acropolis, on an elevated plateau, made even and sufficiently extended to give an excellent unimpeded view. It is surrounded by a peristyle of a single row of thirty-six Doric columns; the carvings in the pediments and those on the metopes at the ends are mostly defaced or destroyed; but those forming the frieze on the wall inside the pillars, which celebrate, in alto-rilievo, the exploits of Theseus and Hercules, are mostly still in their places. The Pentelican marble of the Theseion is greatly yellowed by exposure, which gives it an appearance very different from the Parthenon and the Olympieion. It is said to have been built by Cimon about B.C. 470 to commemorate the appearance of the tutelary hero in the battle of Marathon, B.C. 490. The age of the great buildings of Athens, with the perfect purity of their design, gives them an interest far higher than attaches to those of Rome of the age of the Antonines, Diocletian, and Constantine; and we cannot but feel that, if Greece gave the arts to Rome, Rome was a mediocre pupil, and never took half of what it was in the power of Greece to give. It is disappointing to find that the traditional name of Theseion is probably incorrect, and that it is quite uncertain to whom this temple was dedicated; and it is most extraordinary that Pausanias omits it altogether from his account of Athens. This may be read in Dr. Dyer's book.

On the left of the road, nearly opposite the Theseion, is the quarter called the Kerameikos, which was divided by the city wall into an Outer and an Inner. Here extensive excavations have been going on for some years, and are being vigorously prosecuted. The old wall of Themistocles has been discovered, the ancient pavement laid bare, the gate (Dipylon) which led from the city to the Sacred Way to Eleusis opened, and the walls of houses found both inside and outside the walls, showing the breadth of the street. The city wall is double, the intermediate space being filled with earth, so as to make the entire breadth ten or twelve feet. Near this point the ancient tombs in the Outer Kerameikos have been discovered. Here, from many allusions in the classical writers, we know that a public burial and tomb was given to those who had deserved well of their country; so here lay Thamyribulus, who from his mountain hold of Phyle overthrew the Thirty Tyrants; Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the older tyrannicides, Pericles, Phormio, and many others. The tombs appear to have been covered with a mound of earth raised for military purposes in ancient times, to a depth of about sixteen feet. One very tall stèle rose almost to the modern surface of the ground, and was accidentally found by digging, and this led to the discovery of the whole cemetery. The earth has beneficently preserved in perfec-

tion of outline and even of colour exquisite marbles of the best age of Attic sculpture, which must otherwise have been in part utterly lost, and in part ruined by breakage and discoloration. One of the finest sculptures belongs to the tomb of a warrior named Dexileus, who is stated in the inscription to have fallen in the war with Corinth at a date which corresponds with B.C. 474. It represents the hero on horseback thrusting his spear into a man who is prostrate under the horse; it is in alto-rilievo, and executed, says Dr. Dyer (who gives a woodcut of it), in a style not unworthy of the time of Pheidias. Under or behind most of the tombs is found a cavity built round with stones, in which the bones are actually lying. The monuments are very various in form; some are sarcophagi, which often have lids like a pent roof to shed the rain; others are very tall stèles, or simple round pillars with an inscription; others flat standing stones, like our headstones, where a long inscription is required. Another very interesting species is the representation in Bas-relief of the parting scene of the dying person and his relatives. One of these portrays two draped female figures, the dying one sitting, the other standing and leaning over her, both rather smaller than life-size. The feeling exhibited is truly marvellous for any work in stone, and specially remarkable in an ancient Greek sculpture; and this must be regarded as one of the finest works of art in Athens. The "classic coldness" which is often treated as a characteristic of Greek art is found after all to attach mainly to the images of gods and heroes. When we come down to domestic human scenes, the natural emotions are not by any means repressed. It is the same in literature also, as the domestic scenes in Homer (especially the *Odyssey*) and the Attic Comedy, especially the New Comedy, which we have in Latin imitations in Plautus and Terence, abundantly testify. Some of the parting scenes picture a whole family. In one a daughter is dying, and her father and mother and several relations are grouped very beautifully round her. Many similar sculptures are to be seen in the collection in the Theseion. In one of these a mother is sitting, while one of the bystanders is holding and apparently carrying off a newborn babe wrapped in linen. In most the dying person is represented as sitting and shaking hands with a group of friends around. It is impossible to look on these exquisite monuments, and on the noble stèles, and not feel how deficient not only in artistic power, but in vigorous and true feeling, we Christians of the nineteenth century shall be pronounced by our successors who excavate our tombs. The Greek could at least set up a noble stèle with a beautiful capital, portraying the soul's whole life, not rendered imperfect even by a premature death; while we are fond of a column broken off in the middle—a faithless and unchristian idea. One of the inscriptions in this cemetery (called from a church on the spot that of the Holy Trinity), contains an explicit declaration of the immortality of the soul; but it only gives words to what the monuments seem to breathe. The Greek showed in stone how death affected a family, how affectionate and subdued was its tone in the presence of the awful visitor; on our tombs we rarely give any indication, except perhaps in a few flippant verses, that the deceased had any family ties at all.

The Hermes Street continues the road from the Peiræus, and runs for a mile through the centre of Athens, rising gradually till it ends at the King's Palace beyond the east end of the Acropolis. It contains the best shops, but has little to remind one of ancient Athens, and only one very curious, diminutive, and dark Byzantine church in its very middle to carry us back to early Christian times. To find ourselves again in the ancient city we can turn to the right under the east end of the Acropolis rock, where we discover the first traces of the Attic drama in the monument erected to or by Lyciscrates as choragus or furnisher of the chorus, in the street of Tripods; and soon we may gaze our fill at the actual Theatre of Dionysus, which saw the production of the great masterpieces of the Attic drama, the founders of the literary supremacy of Athens. This theatre was only laid bare in 1862, thirty years after the date of Dr. Wordsworth's book, where its site is proved from two seats high up, the only ones then not covered with earth. It lies on the S.E. side of the Acropolis, where the slope is sufficient to allow the upper banks of seats to be cut out of the rock *in situ*, while the lower ones were constructed of hewn stones brought from elsewhere. The first row consists wholly of seats of honour, assigned to the heads of the State and the priests of the various temples at Athens, among whom the priest of Dionysus, the god in whose honour and at whose festival the dramatic entertainments were held, presided in the most conspicuous and largest chair, that in the middle of the half-circle, directly facing the logeion or stage. Of this chair the British Museum possesses a cast. These seats are large armchairs of Pentelican marble of brilliant whiteness, and have the name of the official who was to occupy each cut in large uncial letters below the seat. A cast of one is in the British Museum, bearing the inscription ΕΥΠΑΘΡΙΟΥ, "for the General"; but if Dr. Dyer is right in assuming that the General means the Roman *Prætor*, it must have been added at a very late date. The floor of the Orchestra, or semicircular space between the auditorium and the stage, is paved with large flags, having, however, in its centre a large rhomboidal space paved with small diamond-shaped pieces of marble. This latter evidently marks out the ground to be trodden by the chorus, and shows that the chorus did not occupy an elevated platform which would bring them on a level with the stage. It suits better the part which the Attic chorus had to play, since they were not actors, but rather expressed the feelings which spectators of the action would natu-

rally put in words. The logeion or stage is raised about four feet, and its front is formed of a marble wall with exquisite bas-reliefs, still retaining its dazzling whiteness. The powerful effect which the situation of this theatre in the open air, facing the fragrant slopes of Hymettus, which still as of old yield the choicest honey, and having in view, more to the right, the smaller hills of Attica with the sea beyond, must have exercised on the audience, whom it reminded of their lordly position as the leaders of Greece, due mainly to their maritime triumphs, is well illustrated by Dr. Wordsworth by quotations from the plays.

One other, and perhaps the most magnificent, building in Athens, if not in all Greece, remains to be noticed. This is the temple of Zeus Olympius. It stands not far from the theatre, but lower down on a platform levelled for it above the Ilissus. We are enabled to estimate it only from sixteen extant columns, of which one lies on the ground, having been overthrown by an earthquake in 1852. The others are all *in situ*—thirteen forming a cluster at the south-east angle, and two far separated from them on the south side. The columns are fifty-seven feet high; they are deeply fluted, and surmounted with exquisite Corinthian capitals; and, like a large part of the Parthenon, but unlike the Theseion, they have generally retained the dazzling whiteness which surprises us in the marble of Pentelicus when we compare it with any other known white marble. The temple was originally surrounded by 116 identical columns; so that even the Parthenon, with its 52 columns, the largest 46 of which are thirty-four feet high, was vastly smaller. Such a work could not possibly be completed in one age; and we feel no surprise on hearing that it was commenced in the time of Peisistratus, and finished only by the Emperor Hadrian. The ground is quite clear from *débris* of marble, such as strew the ground of the Acropolis, so that we may well say with Dr. Wordsworth, "It is hardly possible to conceive where and how the enormous masses have disappeared, of which this temple was built." It is known, however, that one pillar was used by a Turkish governor about a century ago, in building a mosque; and similar practices, if employed through many centuries, may explain the disappearance of the stone, when once the columns had fallen; for the destruction of the building, which looks as if it must have stood for ever, is the chief mystery.

These are the chief objects of the art of antiquity that attract the traveller's attention in Athens below the Acropolis. The Acropolis is a subject of itself, which cannot be touched on here. A fair amount of interest is now shown by the Athenians in their antiquities. We may be sure that nothing will be wilfully destroyed, and but little allowed to be exported, as their jealousy on this subject is on a par with their ignorance of the real value of many of their treasures. But it is satisfactory to find the Acropolis, the Theseion, and the Theatre each guarded by a concierge. One has only to regret the inadequate protection of inscribed stones and fragments of sculpture, which lie inside the Acropolis and outside the Theseion exposed to the elements, some of which would be the very gems of a museum elsewhere.

SHAKERS.

IT was no doubt natural that, in the first instance, the wretched condition of the evicted Shakers in the New Forest should excite pity, without much reflection as to the cause of their troubles or the consequences of encouraging them to continue their experiment. Enough, however, is now known about the matter to show that a serious responsibility will rest upon those who give any support to a fanatical delusion which is not only in some of its incidents a gross public scandal, but is fraught with inevitable misery for the poor creatures who have fallen under its influence. Indeed this would seem to have already begun to dawn upon even the most foolish of the persons who have been in haste to proclaim their sympathy with Mrs. Girling, the bride of Christ, for the sake of having a fling at Christianity and the established system of society. Mr. Auberon Herbert is a very good type of that odd class of philanthropists who are always seeking a pretext for tenderness to one set of people in order to vent their spleen against another set who are their social equals. Mr. Herbert, in confessed ignorance of what had happened, rashly assumed that the Shakers must necessarily be innocent martyrs, and that there was a wicked conspiracy against them. He has now discovered that they are in the habit of running about naked, and though he is himself, as might be supposed, too much of a philosopher to have any prejudices of his own, he intimates that his too emancipated friends had better find some other place than his barn for their nude orgies. It has also been shown that the legal enforcement of the claim against the Shakers was delayed with extreme forbearance, that they received repeated intimations of the liability to which they were exposed, and that even the solicitors whom they had themselves employed to effect the mortgage on the property could not persuade them either to pay the interest which was due, or to take any notice whatever of the demands for payment. It is obvious that even Bible Christians cannot be allowed to borrow in a worldly way, and then to entrench themselves in their piety when it is necessary to discharge the debt. Mrs. Girling's establishment appears to have been largely patronized by the ordinary occupants of casual wards, who naturally prefer a lodging without the supervision of the police, and by unmarried young women bringing children whom they soon deserted. It is evident that a community of this kind, which has exhausted the funds on which

it has been living, and is dependent on chance alms alone, cannot but be a danger to the neighbourhood. Some persons may possibly think that it would be interesting to give the experiment a longer trial, and if they choose to subsidize it, they are of course at liberty to do so; but it ought to be understood that they will be held responsible for the consequences.

Mrs. Girling is unfortunately not in any way a novelty. She is said to have been originally a Methodist servant girl in Suffolk, who was expelled from her sect, and afterwards turned up as the spouse of Christ and female element in the God-head. But this is only Mother Anne, the well-known leader of the Shakers, over again, and Mother Anne is the type of a great number of crazy, hysterical women who have fallen a victim to erotic mysticism. It is true that Mrs. Girling is not strictly a Shaker, inasmuch as she does not belong to any recognized Shaker community, but she is a fanatic of the same class, and reproduces their delusions, with some extravagances, such as nude dancing, which have been added by herself or her followers. In a crowded country like England the permanent existence of such a community is of course impossible, if only because the requisite isolation and command of agricultural land of sufficient extent to maintain the people cannot be obtained. But even in America, where it has been tried with every advantage, the results of the experiment have been far from encouraging. Those who wish to know what chance there is of communistic societies flourishing under the highly favoured conditions of a new country, with ample space, fresh soil, and freedom from the restrictions of a settled nation, would do well to read the extremely interesting and instructive work which Mr. Charles Nordhoff has just published on the subject (*Communistic Societies of the United States*, Murray). Mr. Nordhoff appears to be an intelligent and, on the whole, impartial observer, who has visited a number of these societies, and has been at great pains to collect information about them. Starting perhaps with a prejudice in their favour, and arriving at the conclusion that their operation is rather beneficial than otherwise, he does not attempt to disguise their weak points, and at least furnishes us with certain facts from which we are at liberty to draw our own inferences, especially as the facts only confirm the result of our own inquiries. We will endeavour very briefly to indicate the characteristic features of some of the principal communities, and to suggest one or two considerations as to their natural influence and tendencies.

Mr. Nordhoff states that the Shakers have at present eighteen societies scattered over seven States, and comprehending fifty-eight families, with a total population of 2,415 souls, and real estate amounting to about one hundred thousand acres, of which nearly fifty thousand belong to their own home-farms. One of the elders frankly acknowledged that "only the simple labours and manners of a farming people can hold a Shaker community together; whenever we have departed from this rule to go into manufacturing we have blundered." Agriculture is therefore their chief occupation, although most of them combine with it some other employment. They were first formally organized at New Lebanon, a village in Columbia County, New York, in 1787; and after an epidemic of fierce religious excitement in 1800-1 several other societies were founded in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana. No new society is known to have come into existence since 1830, and the number of adherents would seem to be in every case uniformly declining. The Shakers being bound to celibacy, there is no natural increase; adopted children do not turn out well, and the practice of taking them has been generally given up; and there is the usual reluctance on the part of each community to admit others to a share of its possessions. From a table given by Mr. Nordhoff we find that the Alfred Society had sunk in about half a century from 200 to 70 members, 20 per cent. being over 50 years of age; Mount Lebanon, from 600 to 380; Union Village, from 600 to 215; White Water, from 150 to 100; Watervliet, from 53 to 4; South Union, from 349 to 230; and indeed there is pretty much the same story to be told throughout. Each society is governed by a Ministry of both sexes, not less than three, and generally four, two men and two women. This Ministry is a self-elected body, and has absolute power over the appointment of all subordinate officials, "being morally," we are told, "but it seems not otherwise, responsible to the members." All members, from the highest to the lowest, must do some amount of manual labour. The Ministry at Mount Lebanon take a light turn of basket-making. "Shakers," Mr. Nordhoff remarks from personal observation, "do not toil very severely." They eat at a common table amid unbroken silence. Their diet is simple and frugal, most of them eating no meat at all; vegetables are largely consumed. Celibacy and community of goods are the leading principles of the body. The Shakers also believe that there is intimate and constant communion between themselves and the world of spirits; they see visions, receive inspired commands, and their religious services consist chiefly of singing and dancing, the manner of which has often been described. Here is an account of one of the spiritual manifestations by one of the Shakers:—"Two or three girls were taken in this manner and became uncontrollable. They were all instruments for reprobated spirits, and breathed nothing but hatred and blasphemy to God. They railed, cursed, swore, pulled each other's and their own hair, threw knives, forks, and the most dangerous of missiles. They would suddenly swoon away, and in struggling to resist the spirits, would choke and gasp, until they had the appearance of a victim strangled by a rope round the neck. Such deliriums would seize them at any time and at any place." The sexes are strictly kept

apart. Men and women never shake hands; there is no privacy in domestic life, even in the case of the elders, two of the same sex being always together in a room; the sexes eat, labour, and worship apart. No man and woman must ever, on any pretence or emergency, be alone together; a third person above ten years of age must be present; they must not even pass each other on the stairs. No one may have a pet animal to keep, or may play with or touch unnecessarily any animal whatever. Every act is minutely regulated—the right side of the body must be dressed first; the right foot must be used first in going up stairs; the hands must be folded with the right-hand thumb and fingers above those of the left, the right-hand breast must be harnessed first, and so on. There is also constant supervision, or it may be called espionage. "In a community," as an elder observed, "it is necessary that some one should always know where everybody is"; and it is the elder's office to have this knowledge. Obedience to superiors is rigidly insisted on. "It is common," says another Shaker, "for the leaders to crush down by humiliation, and to withdraw patronage and attention from certain members, the reason given being that it is necessary to try their souls in the furnace of affliction"—a pretext, it will be understood, easily abused. This sort of discipline and coercion is an essential ingredient of the system of management, and is necessary in order to hold the community together.

Another important community of a similar kind, closely resembling the Shakers in organization and habits, is the Inspirationists. This sect was started by Krauser, a tailor of Strasburg; was led to America by Metz, a carpenter; and is now governed by Barbara Heynemann, an illiterate kitchen-wench, eighty years of age, who was one of the original body. There are 1,450 members, mostly Germans; they have some twenty-five thousand acres of land, and carry on agriculture and various manufactures. They appear to have had from the outset considerable means, several wealthy persons having contributed large funds on joining; and it was not until after they had been a year or two in America that the "inspiration" came to live in community. Mother Barbara is the chief "instrument"; but there is also a body of trustees, elected by ballot, only males voting, which attends to the general affairs of the society, while the elders and foremen in each village see that the people do their allotted work and take charge of local matters. The people eat in common, but in detached parties, and live well in a hearty, but homely, fashion. Each member receives an allowance for clothes. The Inspirationists employ about two hundred hired hands, and do not work hard themselves. One of the foremen told Mr. Nordhoff that three hired hands would do as much as five or six of the members. Thus, though communists among themselves, they take the usual advantage of capitalists over labourers. Marriage is permitted, but discouraged. The elders endeavour to dissuade young people from marrying, and throw difficulties in the way; but if a young man insists upon it, he can marry at twenty-four, and he and his wife are then degraded for a year into the lowest rank in the community. The women and young girls all wear dingy coloured stuffs, with a little black cowl on the back of the head, and a small dark-coloured shawl pinned across the breast so as to conceal the shape of the bosom. Loose hair and all ornaments are strictly forbidden. It is a fundamental principle of the community that the sexes should, as far as possible, be kept apart. At meals and in their labours they are separated; at all meetings the women not only sit apart from the men, but leave the room before the men break ranks. Boys are allowed to play only with boys, and girls with girls. On Tuesday afternoons both boys and girls may walk in the fields, but they must go in opposite directions. As the natural growth of population is rather repressed, and as hired labourers are preferred to new members, the property of the society accumulates in the hands of a diminishing number.

The Rappist, or Harmony community, which is still to be found at Economy, on the Ohio River, was originally brought from Germany by George Rapp in 1805; moved from Pennsylvania to the Wabash Valley (Indiana); and in 1825 settled down in its present home. There were in the beginning some seven hundred and fifty men, women, and children. At the end of two years marriage was prohibited, and children ceased to be born; and although the Rappists have received at different times accessions from Germany, their members have dwindled to 110, most of them aged, and none under forty years of age. On the other hand, their wealth has increased, and they are said to be worth from two to three millions of dollars. They do not seek or encourage new members, though they profess to be willing to receive those who can show a "true vocation." They do scarcely any work with their own hands; their factories are closed; their fields are tilled by hired labourers, of whom they employ about a hundred. "The members," as we are told, "think it wiser and more comfortable for themselves to employ labour at a distance from their own town. They are peculiarly interested in coal-mines, in saw-mills, and oil-wells, and they control manufactories at Beaver Falls—notably a cutlery shop, the largest in the United States, and one of the largest in the world, where of late they have begun to employ two hundred Chinese." They are, in fact, shareholders living on their investments, and endeavouring, like ordinary capitalists, to make a good profit by employing the very cheapest labour. In the first instance, no doubt, they amassed their money by steady labour and close thrift, under the skillful administration of George Rapp and his adopted son, Frederick. Now while their wealth grows, the number of co-proprietors diminishes, and the day is

perhaps not very distant when a handful of survivors will have to determine what shall be done with their accumulations.

The Perfectionists of Oneida and Wallingford have an organization very much akin to that of the Shakers and Inspirationists, but there is a difference on one important point. They extend the principle of community beyond property to persons, and "complex marriage takes the place of simple." We cannot attempt to describe the infamous precepts of Father Noyes, the founder and head of the association; it is enough to say that the object of "complex marriage" is to check the growth of population and the formation of family ties. There are now nearly three hundred members, who have themselves given up working very hard, and employ a large number of hired labourers. Their chief occupation is not agriculture but manufactures. Several minor communities, such as the Separatists of Zoar, the Icarians (who are fast breaking up), and others, of which Mr. Nordhoff gives an account, must be passed over in this rapid review.

Although there is variety in the religious principles of these societies, there are certain prominent features which would seem to be common to all or most of them. They owe their origin to the stimulant of fanaticism, and this is also used for the purpose of giving either the founder or his successors absolute authority over the members of the body. Mr. Nordhoff thinks that the personal independence of the communists is one of the advantages of the system; but it would appear from his own account that the communists are, as a rule, much more completely under the control of their leading men than ordinary workmen are under the control of employers. Communism is, in fact, in almost every case rigid despotism; the members are voluntary serfs. A resolute, enthusiastic leader, who is also a good man of business, and whose power is supported by spiritual sanctions; room for agriculture as a main industry; a system of discipline that cramps and deadens individual will and the free development of character; and isolation from the rest of the world, would seem to be the chief conditions of success in experiments of this kind. It is only in such a country as America that such societies are practicable at all, and we find that even there, when they get over their first troubles, they gradually sink into something like tontines. The economical results which have been obtained are due not to the communistic principle, but to the opportunities which the settlers have found in a particularly favourable field, and in restrictions on the natural increase of population. A vast number of people have done very well for themselves in America without being communists, and have at the same time contrived to do something for the world at large. The most melancholy feature of communism is the sort of blank, intellectual stupor which it seems to impose on the mass of those within its limits. The standard of material comfort is coarse and poor; the fresh impulses of the heart and mind are paralysed; and though the animalism is not usually gross, it is animalism after all—the dull contentment of stall-fed cattle. Mr. Nordhoff has to confess sadly that you look in vain for highly educated, refined, or cultivated men or women; that art is unknown, that education is treated with indifference, and that all the elements of grace and beauty are ignored or despised. At its best, communism under certain favourable circumstances, which are rarely to be found, may be the means of securing a steady livelihood of a rough kind to those who have no ambition or capacity to rise above the class of common labourers; but as it prospers the community invariably shrinks from sharing its property with newcomers, and tends to become an ordinary joint-stock co-operation, working with hired labour, and dabbling in the investments of the world. And even this low material contentment is to be obtained only by destroying at the roots the tenderest and noblest elements of human nature. Mr. Nordhoff's picture of the dead, mechanical round of life in the communities of America is more depressing than incidents of disorder in a strenuous and progressive struggle for a higher existence. Nor should it be forgotten that nature, violently repressed, finds strange and terrible outlets.

THE DUCHY OF BRUNSWICK.

THERE has lately been talk in one or two newspapers about the succession to the Duchy of Brunswick, and, in the course of discussing the point, the *Times* lighted on the singular discovery that the Hanoverian royal family was of "English origin." One is reminded of the mediæval chronicler who believed that the Saxons of Germany were a colony from the Saxons of Britain; but it was most likely only the *Times*'s way of saying, what the person most concerned seems to have forgotten, that the prince who still calls himself King of Hanover really is Duke of Cumberland. The question is to whom the Duchy of Brunswick is to go at the next vacancy—to the Duke of Cumberland or his son, or to the Emperor in some character or another. The mere question of pedigree is of very little importance or interest; in these times one does not see why mere hereditary descent should count for more in Brunswick than it counts for in France, Spain, Italy, or Sweden. Those who look on a kingdom or principality—that is, on the government of a certain number of human beings—simply as a property, like a house and land, an ox or an ass, may be left to settle the genealogical question whether the Duke of Cumberland or the King of Prussia is the next heir to the present Duke of Brunswick. But the matter has been put in a light which gives it a much higher importance, and which starts several questions of no small interest, both historical and practical.

It is rumoured—and, whether the rumour be true or false, the thing is quite worth discussion—that any hereditary claim to the Brunswick succession on the part of Prussia is to be put aside, but that a claim may possibly be set up that the Duchy should fall in to the Emperor in the old fashion as superior lord. It is hard to believe that any such claim can be seriously put forward by any statesman, however much ingenious men may exercise their minds on the theoretical point. As the rumour appears in the English papers, the claim is said to be a claim to incorporate the Duchy, whenever it shall be vacant, with the kingdom of Prussia, on the strength of the King of Prussia being also German Emperor. It is said, and with perfect truth, that in the old state of things a fief of the Empire to which no heirs were forthcoming fell in to the Emperor. That it should do so was a necessary consequence of the feudal relation. As long as the faintest shadow of the Roman Empire and the Kingdom of Germany lived on, the theory was that every principality, great or small, within the Empire was a fief held of the Emperor; that it was, in its origin, a grant to such a man and his heirs, and that, on the failure of such heirs, it came back as a matter of course to the representative of the grantor. But it would not be easy to prove from this that, under the present state of things, the territories of any German prince who may die without heirs should be incorporated with the kingdom of Prussia. The two cases seem to be wholly different in every way. The position of the Emperor in the old and in the new state of things is wholly different. The origin of his power is wholly different. No doubt the power of the modern German Emperor is far greater than that of any Roman Emperor and German King for ages before the dissolution of the kingdom. But in this respect of escheats and forfeitures, the older theory of the Empire had the advantage. It would be hard to show anything in the present constitution of the Empire that can justify this particular claim. Both in the old state of things and in the new, each prince or free city of the Empire is clearly sovereign, less the powers, greater or smaller, which the feudal or federal tie gives to the central power. The principality or city is in the same position as a Swiss Canton or an American State. The local sovereign is sovereign on all points except those which are expressly given up to the central power. Whether the powers so surrendered are greater or smaller makes no difference.

So far the feudal and the federal ties come to the same thing; but, looking at the two historically, they spring from quite different origins. In the feudal relation the principality is a grant from the superior lord. Such a grant may include full sovereignty within the territory granted. It may reserve no authority at all to the grantor as long as the grant lasts; but there is always a chance that the grant may come to an end by the failure of those to whom the grant is made. If it is even held that the grantor parts with everything which he does not formally reserve, still it is from him that the grant issues, and to him it may finally come back. In this way, as long as the feudal theory of the Empire lasted, however practically independent a German prince might be of the Emperor, it was always theoretically possible that his dominions might pass to the Emperor as an escheated fief. But the federal relation, whether the members of the federation are princes or commonwealths, whether the central power is an hereditary Emperor or an elective Council, begins at the other end. The grant is not made by the central power to the members of the body; it is made by the members of the body to the central power. The members of the body agree to give to the central power such and such powers. Whatever powers they do not expressly surrender they keep to themselves. The extent of the powers surrendered and of the powers reserved makes no difference. The powers of the local State, whether principality or commonwealth, may be cut down to the narrowest possible range. Still within that range the local State is sovereign. Its powers are not held by a grant from the central power; they are what was left when the other powers were surrendered by the State to the central authority. The central power can claim nothing but what is expressly given to it by the original act of confederation, or by some later act done in such a way as that original act may prescribe. Now the relation of the German princes and cities to the present Empire is certainly not the feudal relation which lasted in theory down to 1806. By the event of that year the feudal relation came to an end. The central power destroyed itself. The several members of the body which already held all powers which the central authority did not reserve, became absolutely independent, and all the obligations into which any of them have entered since must be looked on as obligations voluntarily contracted by independent States. Such a one is the relation into which the States of the modern Empire have entered with its Imperial head. It is a federal relation, answering to that of America or Switzerland or the old German *Bund*. That it is a relation infinitely nearer than this last, and that the central power has infinitely greater authority, makes no difference. The range of the central authority is infinitely wider in the new Empire than it was in the old *Bund*. But its powers spring from the same origin, the grant of the members of the body. The Emperor and the Imperial Councils can have no authority except such as is given them either by the constitution of the Empire or by some act constitutionally done since. Can it be shown that any right of succeeding to principalities where heirs are not forthcoming has been in this way granted to the Emperor?

But, even if we accepted any doctrine so wild as that the modern

Emperor, whose powers come from a wholly different source, has inherited a power which the ancient Emperors held according to a totally different doctrine, it would certainly not follow that the escheated lands should be incorporated with the kingdom of Prussia. The modern hereditary Emperor, like the ancient elective Emperor, holds a twofold position. He is head of the Empire; he is also the local sovereign of one of its members. In the old Empire it was indeed theoretically possible that the Emperor might not have been a local sovereign within the bounds of the Empire. In theory the Empire was open to every baptized man, and the election of a King of England or France who had no dominions within the Empire was a thing which at one time was at least talked of as possible. Still, in point of fact, the Empire always was held by a Prince of the Empire; but his two characters, as Emperor or German King and as King or Duke of that particular State, were altogether distinct. The escheated fief fell in to the Emperor, who, as such, was the representative of the grantor, not to the King of Bohemia or Duke of Bavaria, who, as such, had nothing to do with the grantor. In the older days of the German Kingdom such escheated fiefs became, as elsewhere, part of the *Reichslande*, the territory held by the Emperor as Emperor. The later practice was that escheats or forfeitures should be granted out afresh. The Emperor had doubtless the disposal of them; he could grant them, if he thought good, to his own son, a power which was useful in days when that son had no claim, often no likelihood, of succeeding to the Empire. In this way the Duchy of Austria came into the House of Habsburg, and the Kingdom of Bohemia into the House of Lützelburg. But it would be hard to prove from all this that, supposing there is any right of escheat or forfeiture in the modern Emperor, escheated and forfeited lands should be incorporated with the kingdom which the Emperor holds in another character. By the present Constitution the Kings of Prussia are hereditary Emperors, but the characters of Emperor and of King of Prussia are quite distinct, and each is held by a separate right. Granting that the doctrine of escheat and forfeiture can apply at all, later precedent would give to the Emperor a power of disposing of them, but would not dictate their incorporation as a matter of course with the territories which the Emperor holds in another character. The utmost that such an argument could prove would be that he might grant them to his son, and that at his own death they would be united to his son's other dominions. But the general theory of escheat and forfeiture, as distinguished from later German use, would lead to their incorporation with the *Reichslande*. Brunswick would thus find itself in the same position as Elsass and Lothringen, not part of the kingdom of Prussia, having nothing to do with the Emperor in his character of King of Prussia, but having to do with him and the other authorities and assemblies of the Empire in their strictly Imperial character only.

We say all this hypothetically, because the question seems to have been raised, and because, as a question, it is a curious one. But, as we said before, we can hardly believe that such a claim can be seriously put forward. And again, the expediency of any particular arrangement of the Brunswick succession, the question what may be best for Brunswick or for all Germany, has nothing to do with the points which we are discussing. From one point of view there seems very little use in keeping up a number of small principalities, most of which are mere modern collections of odds and ends. It is hard to see what a man at Hildesheim has lost by his very modern absorption into the kingdom of Hanover being exchanged for a still more modern absorption into the kingdom of Prussia. One understands such a man having a patriotic feeling for Germany and a patriotic feeling for Hildesheim. We can hardly understand him having any feeling for Hanover which cannot be easily transferred to Prussia. But the Duchy of Brunswick is a real thing, and not a mere make-up of odds and ends. Moreover, it is a Duchy, and not a Grand Duchy, keeping in the simpler title the memory of the fact that even in modern times there have been two Dukes of Brunswick who deserve to be remembered—two Dukes who never bowed the knee to the common enemy, but who gave their lives for Germany and for Europe. But if any sentimental feeling for the Duchy of Brunswick is called up by these memories, it is somewhat dashed by the fact that the later experiences of the Duchy can hardly have been such as to kindle any lively fondness for a separate ducal government. But these matters it is not our business to decide; all that we feel called on to do is to discuss, as we have done, a curious question of historical law.

MOURNING À LA MODE.

LITERATURE and conversation would seem this Christmas-tide to have assumed a strangely sepulchral tone. The charnel-house is the favourite topic of the hour. The yellow grinning skull goes round with the wine-cups at the banquet, and the skeleton strikes a note amid the dancers like the grisly fiddler in the German picture. The talk of the day is fashioned on that of Hamlet and the gravediggers. "How long will a man lie if the earth ere he rot?" "Faith, if he be not rotten before he dies, he will last you some eight or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year." While an eminent surgeon is understood to be maturing his grand scheme for the application of the ashes of our friends to the cultivation of the soil, a lively Broad Church clergyman has dished up a mess of horrors about people being buried alive, rats

and birds of prey foraging among the tombs, and other ghoulish tales that make the reader's flesh creep. Sensitive persons have been startled by the account of a shocking experiment in Germany; and a report has even got about that, among other strange things, urns may one day be admitted to the Abbey with a view to make the most of the mortuary business of the Dean and Chapter. Cremationists and anti-cremationists maintain a bitter controversy which pervades society with its musty odour, and breaks out in the most unexpected places. People have to choose sides. The duet of "disgusting decay" and "atrocious desecration" is only interrupted by the butler's "Hock or sherry, sir?" Mr. Browning has described a young person of remarkable purity as able to pass through this bad world

As through a place of tombs,
And touch not the pollutions of the dead.

But she would have to hold in her skirts very tightly nowadays to avoid the noisome contact. We shall hardly be surprised to find Augustus and his Angelica absorbed in the intervals of a quadrille in an impartial consideration of the relative merits of being burned or buried. And now another eminent surgeon comes in to give a new turn to the discussion. He is against both cremation and burial, at least as usually practised, and points out that interment cannot properly mean shutting up a body in a box so as to keep the earth away from it. His remedy is to abolish coffins, which perpetuate decay and check the natural resolute action of the earth; and there can be no doubt that a compromise of this kind would meet the more serious objections to the present system of burial. The difficulty of getting it adopted, however, is that it involves the shortening of the interval between death and inhumation. It is because the remains cannot be kept safely in a house for several days without being enclosed in an air-tight covering that double sheets of lead and solid oak coffins are in use, and, if these are to be given up, it follows necessarily that the funeral must be hastened. Thirty-six hours, the period within which Mr. Haden suggests that interment should be made compulsory, would seem terribly short to most people, and would undoubtedly intensify the apprehensions of premature consignment to the earth. Moreover, any one who has any acquaintance with practical legislation must be aware that to attempt to pass, or at any rate to enforce, a compulsory law on such a matter is, in the present state of opinion, simply hopeless. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Haden has indicated the direction in which reform should be encouraged, and reflection and common sense may perhaps gradually establish a general custom which will be as effective as a law.

Whatever may be the result of the present controversy, it is to be hoped that it will at least be conducted with decency and temper, and left as far as possible in the hands of scientific experts. It would be foolish and unmanly to try to shut our eyes altogether to the physical consequences of death, but there is a kind of reverent awe in regard to such things which requires to be cherished. It is not desirable that shrouds should be unpacked in company, and the garb of the grave bandied about in general conversation. In China the highest mark of respect which can be shown to any one is, we believe, to present him with a coffin for his own use, and we have heard that an English nobleman, now deceased, was in the habit of offering his guests the key of the mausoleum which he had prepared for himself in order that they might tell him what they thought of it. On the whole, however, it will probably be argued that such subjects, though they need not be nervously avoided, ought not to be protruded. The writer of a little book which has just reached us, entitled *Le Deuil comme il se porte dans la haute société anglaise*, by Dr. Le Roy de Sainte Croix, would seem to have been inspired by a kindly desire to distract attention from the more gloomy and morbid aspects of our common fate, and to relieve the anguish of bereavement. Dr. Le Roy naturally addresses himself to the more sensitive and tender sex, who, it will be admitted, stand most in need of consolation. It may at first sight seem strange that a publication intended for English ladies should be written in French; but students of kitchen literature are aware that French is invariably used in this country by persons of distinction when they have anything particularly sublime or affecting to communicate. And Dr. Le Roy, of course, appeals only to the highest classes. He deals so tenderly with the lacerated feelings of those for whom he writes, that at the outset, but for the indication on the title-page, we should hardly suspect the melancholy position in which his readers are supposed to be placed.

The book itself is a gay book, bound as it is in red and gold, with gilt edges; and the Doctor plunges at once with cheerful enthusiasm into a dissertation on the magical influence of artistic dress on "the eye, the imagination, and the heart." Art, he exclaims, enhances natural beauty, and brings into relief the charms which rejoice the sight, act favourably on the imagination, and make hearts palpitate. Next we have a hint that artistic talent is especially displayed in the composition of mourning apparel, since the most has to be made of a very restricted gamut of colours. And then he goes on to particular articles. He holds up with admiration a little hat of white straw covered with a black silk *toque*, round which is twisted a veil of muslin and lace, while behind there is a large bunch of silk, and as a relief at the side "une plume de corbeau qui s'éclaire, avec une fleur de Coben qui retombe." "Vous avez là la plus ravissante coiffure de demi-deuil qu'on puisse imaginer." There is a subtle and sugges-

tive, and we can hardly suppose accidental, touch in some of the phrases in which a widow who has got to the stage of half-mourning is encouraged and consoled. "Je vous prie," says the insinuating Doctor, "de remarquer comme les diverses nuances de noir se marient harmonieusement"—a widower equally in want of consolation must surely be glanced at here. A wider range of choice is opened up, however, in the reference to a "heureuse alliance de tous les tons de gris, de violet, de mauve, de lilas, et de pensée." Nor can he remain silent before the hat of silk and crape, with marabout feather and black grapes. "Il est si beau, avec son nœud de faille par derrière et ses raisins retombant en grappes gracieuses!" The Doctor is also fertile in suggesting expedients for reducing the sombreness of full mourning, and giving promise of reviving bloom to the orphan and the widow. He describes "de beaux manteaux, sérieux, sévères, qui conviennent parfaitement à la position de la personne qui les revêt." Here is one:—"Le magnifique objet qui nous arrive maintenant est un Vêtement de Veuve, en soie et crêpe, très-sévère de forme et très-beau d'effet. Cet objet est brodé de perles de jais. Une grosse ruche en turquoise noire court autour du vêtement, dont le bas est terminé par un long effilé de soie gaufrée." Another remarkable piece of costume is a black mantle of the same shape as the cloak of an officer of Spahis, "dont la coupe est sévère et l'ornementation extrêmement belle dans sa sobriété." Why a woman who has just lost her husband should be supposed to derive moral support from dressing herself like an officer of Spahis is perhaps difficult for ordinary people to understand. Then there is the Dolman soutaché, which, we are assured, while strictly in the category of mourning, attenuates its severity. Tunics encrusted with jet embroidery, "sortes de cottes de maille féminines qui rendraient jaloux les plus fiers guerriers du moyen-âge," are prescribed as a certain cure for deep affliction. Balm may also be found in the robe Mercédès, with "son gros pouff par derrière," and in that "jupe de faille qui retombe si fièrement sur un superbe jupon de satin, et se termine par un long plissé plein d'élégance." Nor are the bereaved left without "fraîches et coquettes toilettes" for summer wear.

Dr. Le Roy's own enthusiasm about these wonderful works of art is perhaps very simply accounted for. We are led to suppose that they can be obtained only at a well-known mourning warehouse in London, which the Doctor has inspected, and of which he professes to give an "impartial, conscientious, and disinterested" account. Nothing indeed can exceed the rapturous ecstasy into which he seems to have been thrown by everything he saw at the Maison —, from the honoured principals to the nice young women in the shop. A singularly vivid picture is drawn of the lightning-like despatch with which this establishment competes even with the suddenness of apoplexy. On receipt of a telegram, an experienced member of the house, loaded with models and patterns, "vole"—we must give it in French—"au domicile du demandeur aux frais de la maison même." It is easy to conceive why the mercantile establishment thus lauded should have given Dr. Le Roy the opportunity of writing his book, and why he should himself have thought it worth while to glorify the Maison — in this extravagant fashion. The difficulty is to imagine who the sort of people can be upon whom such an appeal is supposed to have an influence. The vulgar puffery of an obvious advertisement is bad enough in itself, but the situation of the class of persons among whom the book is apparently intended to be circulated gives a deeper colour to the offence. It is true that nobody need read this fantastic travesty of natural woe who does not like it, but there is an offence in even suggesting that at such a time any woman should be capable of balancing the merits of the various fripperies which Dr. Le Roy extols so gushingly. If the theory of the affections on which it is founded is correct, it would seem that the bereaved widow, notwithstanding her reluctance to part with the body of her late spouse, is not indifferent to the chance of speedily captivating a successor.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

THE solemn proclamation of a "Jubilee" for the year 1875 will take the present generation even of Roman Catholics somewhat by surprise, as half a century has elapsed since the last celebration of a similar kind took place. To Protestant ears the whole affair will of course sound strange and novel, nor can even the modicum of information which the name may seem to suggest be safely relied upon. It is a mere accident that the present Jubilee is proclaimed after an interval of fifty years from the last. When the observance was first introduced by Boniface VIII. in 1300, it was intended to recur only once in a century, but obvious reasons of convenience led Clement VI. to celebrate another at the close of the next half-century, while Urban VI. soon afterwards fixed the intervening term at thirty-three years, and this was further reduced by Sixtus IV. to twenty-five years, at which latter point it has remained unchanged since 1475. But the untoward circumstances of the period, when he was himself an exile at Gaeta, and Rome in the hands of the Triumvirate, did not seem to the present Pontiff propitious for a pilgrimage to the Holy City in 1850, and accordingly no Jubilee was announced for that year. It is true, indeed, as his Holiness pathetically observes in the long and elaborate document which has just appeared, that matters are still worse now, for the Holy Father is a prisoner in his own

city, and there is no apparent prospect of its occupation by his enemies coming to an end. It is perhaps this last consideration which has moved him to waive the objections which in 1850 were deemed insuperable. There would have been no more difficulty then than now in substituting visits to the Cathedral or other local churches for the visits to St. Peter's and certain other Roman shrines on which the peculiar "indulgences" of a year of Jubilee were formerly made dependent; and the plea which is now found in the afflictions of the Church and the advance of unbelief for exhortations to more earnest and united prayer might have been urged with hardly less reason then. But the revolutionary triumph over the Temporal Power was then believed—and rightly believed, as it turned out—to be a passing storm; whereas the present usurpation of "the Subalpine Government" is probably felt, even at the Vatican, to have a good chance of being permanent, though the studied omission of all public ceremonies hitherto connected with the ushering in of a year of Jubilee marks the continued refusal of the Pontiff to recognize existing facts. And meanwhile it would be rather hard that the faithful should again be deprived, for the sins of their rivals or of their rulers, of "the abundant treasury of graces" which it is in the power of the Pontiff to open to them on these exceptional occasions. Pius IX. may fairly be credited with feeling the full force of such a consideration, though the same could hardly be affirmed of some of his predecessors, who made a sufficiently unscrupulous use both of indulgences in general and of that particular method of bestowing them which appeals to the passion for pilgrimages, of which our own day and country have witnessed so remarkable a revival under the auspices of Archbishop Manning and Mr. Cook.

The original institution of the Jubilee year was, in point of fact, little more than a fresh device for refilling the exhausted coffers of the Roman treasury. Boniface VIII., who added the second of the three crowns which now make up the triple Papal tiara, was one of the most ambitious of the long line of Pontiffs, and it was in the very thick of his quarrel with Philip the Fair of France, two years before the issue of the ill-omened *Unam Sanctam* of which we have heard so much of late, that he proclaimed the first Jubilee, which is said to have brought two millions of pilgrims to the threshold of the Apostles. When we read of two priests being employed all day long in raking up the stream of gold pieces poured in lavish abundance before the shrine of St. Paul, it is not uncharitable to surmise that such Popes as Boniface had an eye to the main chance in their distribution of spiritual graces. It may be added that in the case of these, as of many other pilgrimages, history testifies only too plainly to the moral as well as material cost at which these spiritual favours were obtained. Pius IX. speaks with regretful enthusiasm of the vast multitude and exemplary devotion of the crowds who flocked to Rome when the last Jubilee was solemnized in 1825 under Leo XII.; and so it possibly may have been. But contemporary writers tell a very different tale of the spectacle presented by Rome on earlier occasions of the solemnity, when the crowd of pilgrims was certainly not less numerous, but their conduct, to put it mildly, was far from edifying. There was however a further and less sordid motive than the acquisition of money for encouraging this concourse of the faithful to the Holy City at stated intervals. If an increase of temporal wealth and splendour was the ruling passion of the later mediæval Pontiffs, their successors from the reign of Adrian VI. onwards have for the most part been actuated by a nobler ambition. Such Popes as Pius V. and Sixtus V. cared little for mere temporal aggrandizement for its own sake; but for the aggrandizement of the Papacy, as a spiritual power, they cared much. The whole tendency of things since the Reformation has been to centralize as well as circumscribe the action of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. As Ranke puts it, "Catholicism, in limiting the field of its operations, concentrated its strength, and braced up all its energies." It would take us too far from our immediate point to exhibit in detail the various methods by which this process of concentration has been carried out. The Jesuit Order itself, which has been termed "the Catholic Church put into commission," is of course a signal illustration which will at once occur to everybody. The virtual abolition of University education for the clergy, and the substitution of a minute system of exclusive seminary training began in early boyhood, is another obvious example. And, to take an instance more closely connected with our present subject, there is the obligation, rigorously imposed on every Bishop in communion with the Holy See, of visiting Rome at stated intervals—for English Bishops once in every five years at least—and submitting a report of his administration to the central authority; a rule which certainly harmonizes admirably with the new Vatican dogma making the Pope the real ordinary in every diocese of Christendom. No such duty can be imposed on laymen, but it is of course desirable, from an Ultramontane point of view, to lead them also to realize their intimate dependence on Rome, and the encouragement of periodical pilgrimages to the Apostolic See is a step in that direction. As far as offerings are concerned, they can be transmitted from a distance just as well in these days of easy and rapid locomotion; but the old principle of *seignus irritant animum* is as true now as ever, and the impression produced by a visit to the holy places and the personal benediction of the Pontiff, especially if that Pontiff be Pius IX., may do more than many arguments to check those nascent tendencies to "Liberal Catholicism" from which even such devoted sons of the Church as the late Count Montalembert are not altogether free; witness his recently published paper on

Spain and Rome, most "offensive to pious ears," written within a few months of his death.

Meanwhile it is obvious to remark that the year of Jubilee is likely to be a year of conflict, if not of reverses, for the Roman Catholic Church, which—as the Encyclical itself reminds us—is involved in two serious quarrels, for one of which at least the present Pope himself is mainly responsible. In Germany we learn from the latest reports that five Bishops and 1,700 priests have been fined or imprisoned during the last twelve months, while one Bishop has been deposed by the new Supreme Court, which is a civil tribunal, and a second is about to be deposed, to say nothing of sentences of fine and imprisonment impending over several other prelates. The Vatican Decrees are alleged as an excuse for the Falk laws, and to whatever criticism such a plea may be open, we need not travel beyond the letter of the Jubilee Encyclical to learn that those Decrees have given rise to a deadly struggle within the bosom of the Church. Pius IX. hints pretty broadly that none of its spiritual benefits are designed for those Catholics who refuse to accept the new dogmas, and a correspondence just published in the *Times* supplies an ugly comment on the practical working of this exclusive policy. Our readers may recollect that among the Liberal Catholics who were called into the field by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet was Mr. Henry Petre, a relation of Lord Petre's, and a member of one of the oldest English Roman Catholic families. It now appears that his letter to the *Times* drew upon him a close cross-examination, promptly followed by an excommunication, from Bishop Vaughan of Salford, and nobody can be surprised that he should describe the whole procedure as "a striking illustration of the dictation and clerical absolutism which distinguish the action of the Ultramontane party—a party which, unfortunately for the true interests of the Catholic Church, at the present time inspires and guides its policy." Mr. Petre had replied to the Bishop's first inquiry that his letter to the *Times* "was entirely restricted to the practical, not theological, part of the discussion now going on"; notwithstanding which Dr. Vaughan denounced him publicly in his Advent Pastoral, and, on his remonstrating against this summary procedure, plied him with a string of "interrogatories" as to his belief, which, he observed in reply, "belong rather to the unhappy period when the Inquisition flourished." On his declining to submit to this additional catechizing, after he had already "sufficiently repudiated the inferences drawn by the Bishop" from his original letter, he finds himself put under ban, and the clergy of his Church publicly commanded to repel him from the Sacraments. If this is the measure dealt to a Roman Catholic layman who pointedly disclaims all intention of discussing the dogmas of the Church, we may easily imagine by what machinery of ecclesiastical terrorism the supposed unanimity of acquiescence in Vatican teaching has been secured in the ranks of the priesthood. The first Jubilee, celebrated by one of the most grasping and unscrupulous of Pontiffs, immediately preceded the humiliation of the Papacy before the throne of France and the seventy years' Captivity of Avignon. Two centuries later it was solemnized by Alexander VI. on the eve of the Reformation. The present solemnity occurs at a time which can hardly be judged less eventful in the annals of the Papacy, and which, to say the least, does not look more promising for the furtherance of its ambitious aims. Meanwhile one characteristic feature of the day is illustrated alike by the Jubilee itself and by the adverse circumstances under which it is proclaimed. It is little more than a century since Horace Walpole observed, in his sneering fashion, "There are no religious combustibles in the temper of the times. Popery and Protestantism seem at a stand. The modes of Christianity are exhausted, and cannot furnish novelty enough to fix attention." No doubt the sneer was quite congenial to the temper of the eighteenth century. But times are changed, and "the modes of Christianity" have not only succeeded in fixing attention, but in contributing an abundant supply of "combustibles" to our own age. The religious question, as it has been observed in France, is the order of the day.

MINING AND METAL POLLUTION OF RIVERS.

OF all British mining operations, the raising of tin ore is probably the oldest, and it is one of the most remunerative. The tin mines of Cornwall have been worked as long as history goes back, and the county is still far from exhausted of this metal. The "tin stone" of Cornwall is associated with friable peroxide of iron, which communicates to the effluent water from the dressing floors a dark red tint. The tin stone with its rocky matrix is stamped in water to fine powder under wooden pestles shod with iron, and the tin stone is then separated from the refuse slime by the action of water upon the mixed materials, which possess different specific gravities. The effluent water from tin mines silts up the rivers into which it flows by the suspended matter contained in it, but this water becomes by subsidence purer than the average of potable water supplied to towns. The drainage from the tin mines near Camborne constitutes the so-called Red River which flows into the sea near Gwythian, on the north coast of Cornwall. From the lowest tin mine to the sea a succession of works exist for the purpose of extracting from the Red River such particles of tin ore as may have escaped the works above. At every separate establishment of washing floors the best effort is made to extract all that is possible from the leavings that come down to it, but so ineffectual are these efforts that even the sea-sand at the river's

mouth still contains enough tin ore to be worth the labour of extracting. The suspended matters contained in the water of the Red River when it enters the sea would not be likely to affect the health of cattle drinking the water, if indeed cattle could be induced to drink such a red and muddy liquid. After subsidence or filtration this water is better for domestic use than the Thames water supplied to London. Speaking generally, the river pollutions of Cornwall are not injurious to health. The Commissioners who have investigated this subject assure us that the refuse of tin and copper mines is "but slightly poisonous," and where cattle in riverside pastures have suffered, the injury is probably due rather to the quantity of mineral matter with which the grass has become loaded during floods than to any active poison which it contained. Riparian owners who complain of the destruction of fish will no doubt be comforted by the assurance that the fish have been "choked rather than poisoned," and that the spawn has been buried in the slime which has subsided from the river water. Looking to the extent and value of these mines and works, and to the shortness of this river's course, the Commissioners think it would be better to regard the Red River as one continuous tin-work, and to trouble no more about the cattle and the fish. If all the riverside population desire it, they would leave this river "as the common conduit of the mines from which it runs," and would exempt it from the general rules which they propose for the abatement of pollution in rivers. Nevertheless the Commissioners admit that the injury to riverside lands from the deposit on them of the comparatively harmless mud from tin mines during floods has been considerable in many parts of Cornwall. The richest alluvial soil, fertile with a luxuriance almost peculiar to the deep and sheltered valleys of that county, has been over many acres covered several inches deep with worthless slime and sand from tin mines above. The fine grasses and clover have been destroyed, and coarser grass, and large perennial weeds, docks, buttercups, and thistles, alone able to escape destruction, now flourish where the land was formerly of the finest grazing quality. It may possibly be worth while to destroy this choice pasture for the sake of mining profits, but the process cannot be seen without regret. The cloth works in Yorkshire turn the rivers blue, the tin mines of Cornwall turn them red, the coal-washings of Derbyshire turn them black, and the china-clay works of Cornwall turn them milky white, and all these results are equally unlovely.

The china-clay works about St. Austell are a remarkable example of Cornish industry. The enormous quarry on the top of the granite hill overlooking St. Austell had for many generations been worked exclusively as a tin mine. The hard veins of tin stone were easily separated from the soft granite, and the latter was simply washed away as waste. But for the last twenty years, although the tin industry is still maintained, the chief value of these works has been derived from the china-clay which the decomposed granite yields. The soft white rock is dug and channeled, and the water is charged with as much as it can carry down to shallow pits where the clay settles, and is afterwards dried in kilns and shipped. It is used in the manufacture of earthenware, and also in paper-making and the manufacture of calico. The effluent water, when the clay has thoroughly subsided, becomes even purer than before, but unfortunately the subsidence is seldom complete, so the country is permeated by milky streams, which, however, are innocuous to animal life. Another modern process is that of coal-washing, which makes the effluent water both unsightly and pernicious. Formerly coal-dust was burned at the pit's mouth to get rid of it; but now it is first washed to free it from shale, and then "coked" in ovens. In the neighbourhood of Chesterfield this process may be seen in all its hideous perfection. Great volumes of black water are discharged into the brooks, and the heaps of shale separated by washing are so placed as to ensure their being carried down stream by the next flood. Thus the rivers silt up and often overflow their banks and injure the meadows by covering them with coal-dust, which kills the grass and causes coarse weeds to grow in its place. The Commissioners saw that a flood had carried away a heap of shale, and thus covered the neighbouring land with a layer of oxide of iron, which would doubtless render it sterile for many years. They were told that cattle had died after grazing upon meadows which had been covered with colliery detritus, and instances were reported to them in which as much as two quarts of coal-dust had been found in the stomach. This dust is said to occasion internal ulceration and purging, which is ultimately fatal. It would perhaps be incorrect to say that cows thus dying were poisoned, and perhaps there is some quantity of dirt which a cow, like a man, can eat and live. The stomach of a Londoner is popularly supposed to contain a certain quantity of granite dust and horse-dung, and it is possible that cows may become habituated to swallowing coal-dust without any ill effect beyond turning their milk grey. The Commissioners, however, seem by their use of strong language to have decided that this nuisance must be abated. They speak of a "Stygian tributary" of the Rother near Chesterfield, and they mention a brook at Merthyr Tydvil which has become a "black puddle," seriously polluted by arsenic derived from the pyrites of the coal. The beautiful Derwent in Cumberland has become in some places "muddy and unsightly" from the same cause, but happily at present its volume is large enough to conceal much of the offences committed on its banks.

So much controversy has prevailed as to sewage irrigation that it is satisfactory to find these Commissioners unshaken in their belief in its efficacy, coupled with intermittent filtration, to dispose of the sewage of towns, and of the refuse arising from industrial

processes and manufactures. These remedies, capable of successful and economical, or even profitable, application, after certain easily observed conditions have been enforced in the case of offending manufacturers, depend for their efficiency on the action of the air within the soil in oxidizing, and thus virtually destroying, the putrescible matters which are submitted to them. They are applicable therefore only in cases where the river pollution is due to the presence of substances of animal or vegetable origin. There are, however, many rivers and streams which owe their polluted condition to mineral substances suspended in them, and this pollution may arise either from the discharge of solid refuse matter and of ashes and cinders into the river channels, or from the outflow from mines and works of water carrying mineral refuse into these channels. The former practice can be easily prevented, but the Commissioners, as we have already seen, find difficulty in dealing with the latter. The process in all mines is nearly similar. The "orey stuff," on being brought to the surface, is first washed with water, then reduced to powder in stamping or crushing-mills, and afterwards submitted to the action of streams of water so as to separate and carry forward the lighter portions of rocky material and to leave behind the specifically heavier metallic compounds. The water thus used is received in successive catch-pits as long as the miner considers that anything which contains sufficient metalliferous ore to repay extraction is deposited from it. The water is still very muddy as it flows from the last catch-pit, and not unfrequently contains a considerable proportion of highly poisonous metallic compounds; nevertheless it is almost invariably discharged into the nearest stream without any attempt at purification. The discharge from some classes of mines is, however, more pernicious than that from others. We have spoken already of the nuisance from coal-washing, which is comparatively a new process. The water discharged from coal mines where this process is not adopted is either colourless and nearly pure or red. This colour is assumed at those mines where iron pyrites abounds. The water is red, and it deposits an orange-coloured mud. Water thus contaminated is "very fatal to fish," and "may be injurious to cattle." The Commissioners in drawing this distinction imitate, perhaps unconsciously, a familiar phrase which distinguishes between water going to a man and a man going to water. No cow or horse of any discretion would be likely to drink water from a red stream with yellow banks. It should be added that this ferruginous water readily cleanses itself by precipitation, and thus gets rid not only of the sulphate of iron which it received from coal mines, but also of "organic elements" which are more mischievous. Thus a few years ago the Taff, which received the unpurified sewage of Merthyr Tydvil, was "strikingly improved" by the mixture of ferruginous water from a colliery. It should be added that vast volumes of unferruginous water are pumped from collieries and discharged into rivers with unmixed benefit to the latter. Lead mining is distinguished among all forms of mining industry in this country as causing the most serious pollution. The "skimpings," or rocky refuse, and the slime of these mines both find their way into the nearest watercourse. "It is a common complaint that no ducks or poultry can be kept near rivers so polluted." The processes of these mines are generally slovenly and wasteful. Much valuable material is lost to the adventurers of the mine, and may cause injury and death to the valleys below. It should be mentioned, for the sake of pictorial effect, that the slime of lead mines is white. This slime spreading over riverside flats injures cattle and destroys the roots of grass which hold the land together, and then the next flood abrades and destroys the shore. It is owing to the latter cause, as well as to the immense quantity of broken rock which every lead mine sends forth, that two small rivers near Aberystwith present such surprising widths of bare and stony bed. The Commissioners consider that an industry of such magnitude as these mines is well able to pay for whatever injury it inflicts. They think that power should be given to mineowners to take land near their works either to pile "skimpings," or to form reservoirs for deposit of mud. "But no escape should be allowed them from any injurious consequences following their neglect to keep their poisonous refuse matters out of the river channels." This is a tolerably sweeping sentence as regards lead mines, and it may be observed that the Commissioners propose an exceptional treatment of the tin mines on the Red River only on the ground that the refuse coming down that river employs the industry of those who dwell on it. We need not, however, follow the Commissioners into a troublesome and perhaps dangerous discussion of supposed necessary exceptions to general rules.

The descriptions of mining industry given in their last Report are highly interesting. They tell us that at the Devon Great Consols Copper Mine the mundic or arsenical pyrites is utilized for the manufacture of arsenious acid. It is washed in a current of air, and thereby converted into marketable arsenious acid or "white arsenic," sometimes mentioned in criminal trials. "It is a startling reflection that there leaves this single mine every month an amount of white arsenic competent to destroy the lives of more than 500,000,000 of human beings." Arsenic is used largely in the manufacture of some of the new colouring matters obtained from coal-tar, in colour-printing and dyeing, and in the manufacture of glass and of shot. The Commissioners, considering that the store of arsenic at the Great Consols Mine alone would suffice to kill every living thing on the face of the earth, think it "only reasonable" that some special supervision should be exercised over its manufacture. They remark strongly upon the pollution of streams by discharge from wire, tin-plate, and galvanizing works which abound in and near Birming-

ham. This pollution is "intense, noxious, and notorious." In all these works iron is "pickled" in dilute sulphuric or muriatic acid, and it is the general, but not universal, practice to discharge the waste contents of the "acid baths" into rivers or sewers, thus corroding brick-work and cement, and destroying fish, if any happen to have survived the other "industrial" processes of the locality. The interdiction of this discharge would be no hardship on the manufacturer, and in most cases he might profitably utilize it. As regards Birmingham, however, this particular pollution from "acid baths" is "almost lost" in the general filth arising from the sewage of an enormous population and from metal manufactures of various kinds. When the philosophers of Birmingham have completed the political and religious reformation of the country, they may perhaps have leisure to observe that their town has been declared on impartial authority to be the nastiest place in England.

THE ROSS KIDNAPPING CASE.

THE kidnapping of children seems to be one of the least profitable crimes that have been invented. A full narrative in the *Times* makes it reasonably certain that two men who stole a child near Philadelphia last July were shot in December near New York in a burglary to which they were reduced by want. The child had not at the date of latest advices been recovered, but he was believed to be still alive, and if he can escape being torn to pieces by newspaper reporters, it is possible that he may yet be restored to his afflicted family. The police, the newspapers, and the public all took up the case and pursued it with more or less pertinacity for six months; and if the American detectives do not show to much advantage in the business, we must remember that the insatiable appetite of the country for news almost forbids their proceeding with necessary secrecy.

According to the narrative in the *Times*, the child Charles Brewster Ross, aged about four years, was stolen from Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, on the afternoon of 1st July last. The child and his elder brother, aged six years, were playing in a road near their father's house, when two men invited them to take a ride in a buggy. The children got in and were driven some distance, and then the elder child was sent into a shop to buy candy, and on his return the buggy with the two men and his brother had disappeared. This was the abduction of Charlie Ross which in three weeks had aroused the excitement and indignation of all the United States and Canada, and caused the entire public to form itself into a committee of investigation much too large for any useful purpose. The detectives, professional or amateur, were always hot upon some track which led to nothing, until a brother of one of the two men gave information which would have brought about their capture if they had not perished in the commission of another crime. Their story clearly shows that child-stealing will not pay. They could not finger the price they had put upon the child, and if they had attempted to do so, they would almost certainly have been caught and "lynched." Without desiring that such summary proceedings should be taken in our own country, we cannot help seeing that the certainty of popular vengeance operates as a deterrent to crime in America. *Fieri non debet, factum valet*, so long as the wrong man be not hanged. However, these men were never caught until one of them was dead and the other in his last agony. When the land became too hot for them, they lived chiefly on the water around New York and in Long Island Sound, "where there are myriads of almost unknown islands which afford excellent hiding places" to criminals of aquatic capability. Here in November last, between fear, hunger, and cold, the kidnappers were having a bad time of it. The preparations for their capture were extensive and complete, and would probably have been successful. It does indeed occur to us that these "desolate islands in the Sound" might have been thoroughly searched for two men in a boat rather more quickly than the police found practicable. They were at this time living upon the proceeds of stolen goods, which they could only dispose of by coming to New York. The "fence" and the drinking-houses which they frequented were found. Officers were secretly placed everywhere—at the ferries, railway-stations, suspected houses, on the highways, and wherever there might be a probability of finding them. A steam-launch was used in patrolling the Sound. Occasionally there would be robberies on Long Island or the Connecticut shore, and these were traced to the abductors who in their extremity were compelled to steal. A boat was stolen by them at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in November, and this they made their home. One cannot help feeling that this "Ross abduction case" prolonged itself almost as if it were a play in five acts, or a novel in three volumes, instead of a police case. But in America they take so much time and spend so much money in hanging a man that perhaps it is proper to display equal deliberation and sumptuousness in catching him. However, on the early morning of 14th December an unoccupied, but fully furnished, house at Bay Ridge, Long Island, was entered by burglars. It was connected by a "burglar alarm" with an occupied house fifty yards distant. The occupants of this house were awakened by the alarm, turned out, and after a running fight shot two burglars, one of whom died instantly, while the other lived long enough to confess that he helped the other man to steal Charlie Ross. When he was dead, an inquest was held upon the bodies, at which the agent of the "burglar alarm"

distributed circulars among jury, witnesses, and spectators, and no doubt will make a good thing out of the incident. The brother of Charlie Ross and another person were brought from Philadelphia, and it seems that their identification of the bodies was satisfactory. But although the abductors were thus discovered, more than a fortnight had passed without any trace of the missing child. The *New York Herald* of 27th December noticed a rumour that Charlie Ross had been found in Ithaca, but nothing came of it.

We could hardly believe, except on the best evidence, that a sort of piracy could go on for weeks among islands near New York, which seem however to be as unknown as the "keys" of the West Indies were when the buccaneers haunted them three centuries ago. But Detective Wood is an unquestionable authority, and he describes how he and five other officers cruised in a small tug-boat in Long Island Sound. He told a reporter of the *New York Herald* that the party searched thirty or forty islands in the Sound containing four or five to a hundred acres each, and found them almost all unoccupied, except a few by squatters. They were cruising about twelve days, but did not find the man. The elder of the two men—Mosier—must have been near the head of the burglarious profession. About a year ago he and his brother were arrested for a burglary and lodged in gaol at Monmouth, N. J. A detective of New York told the local authorities that they had better be careful, for the brothers would very likely break gaol. "They only laughed at us, and said they guessed their gaol was strong enough to hold them. Bless you, they were out before morning. They took away the whole side of the gaol." Then the brothers dissolved partnership, and one of them associated himself with Clark, and went into the abduction business, with less success than they had enjoyed in burglary. Mosier had a wife and three or four children, whom he seems to have maintained by an industrious career of crime. "He and Clark were known as bad eggs always," and not long after the abduction the police set it down to them. It was known that they had a horse and buggy with which they "peddled" about the country, embracing any favourable openings for crime. Yet, although they were suspected of the abduction in August, and were believed to be in or near New York, the police never laid hands on them alive. If there are in this country any amphibious burglars, they will doubtless transfer their talents to a locality so favourable as Long Island Sound, where a man who can both manage a boat and "crack a crib" may reasonably hope to maintain a wife and family in comfort. The excitement in Philadelphia when the news came of the discovery and death of the abductors was enormous. Cheers rent the air, "and all felt confident that in a few days Charlie would be once more in the arms of those who love him." But this hope has been deferred in realization. The police believed that the child was alive when the two men were killed, and they expected that associates would "drop" the child where it might be found. Soon after the abduction the child's father advertised that a large reward would be paid for its return and no questions asked, or to that effect, and considerable correspondence passed with the kidnappers, but without result. A wealthy and sympathetic gentleman of New York advertised a similar proposal, which was also made by an enterprising tailor. If the child should turn up, he could be shown over the Union for enough money to provide for him for life, and perhaps his recollections of his captivity might be sold by auction to the best bidder among enterprising journalists. There has been a supposed Charlie Ross discovered in many towns, and his father and uncles have travelled hundreds of miles to examine children of various ages from ten months to ten years. All sorts of suspicious persons have been arrested, and in fear of summary hanging have confessed to various crimes in order to make it more clear that they did not abduct this child. On the whole, therefore, justice has gained by the transaction, which, however, presents a queer compound of tragic and grotesque elements. A reporter of the *New York Herald*, eagerly seeking for "developments," obtained the privilege of copying a letter purporting to be addressed by the abductors to the wealthy and sympathetic gentleman who offered the reward. They required a cheque payable to bearer to be deposited with "responsible parties" in New York, and also an undertaking against arrest or prosecution for sixty days, in a form to be settled by a well-known lawyer. But these and other negotiations fell through from the difficulty of fixing place and time for the exchange of child for money. It is also stated that after a time public feeling was strongly against any compromise. Funds were subscribed for detective operations, and of course the newspapers were ready to undertake this as well as every other department of human business. We almost wonder that the *New York Herald* does not fit out an expedition of its own for the extirpation of the pirates of Long Island Sound. After all, however, the universal excitement, although somewhat absurd in its manifestations, has been useful, as it must bring home to the minds of possible imitators of Mosier that they are dreadfully certain to be hanged if caught. They had better stick to burglary, which seems to be still a tolerably safe and profitable business. It appears that Mosier was born and brought up a thief. His father is mentioned by experienced officers of police with the respect due to the talent which descended to the son. The father belonged to the gang of Dennis McCabe, who "afterwards moved up town, and became a member of the Assembly," where it may be hoped his peculiar talent did not fail to shine in use.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

NOTHING at the present moment is more instructive in the way of art than to pass from Burlington House to Trafalgar Square for the purpose of comparing together the divers pictures—sometimes similar, and often widely different—scribed to the same masters. The National Gallery has, with some notable exceptions, been formed with so much judgment, that it furnishes, as it should do, standards of criticism. But the collection now at the Royal Academy avowedly possesses less assured credentials; some works, it is true, come with long-established reputations, but many others stand upon their trial, and the rank they may hold hereafter will much depend upon how they are able to pass through the present ordeal. As an example, let us compare two portraits of the familiar head of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, the one in the Academy (119), ascribed to Giovanni or Gentile Bellini, the other in the National Gallery, an undoubted masterpiece of Giovanni Bellini. This last, Mr. Wornum says, is an epitome of the painter's style, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle extol the head as the best of Bellini's portraits, and as a proof of the perfection to which the technical system of the Van Eycks had been then carried in Venice. It is evident that the portrait in the Academy can justify no such superlative praise, neither can it pass as a mere replica; it is on canvas instead of on panel, and the measurements of the two pictures differ. And yet the inferior work may very possibly have come from the Bellini, or at all events from their *bottega* or school. We may remember that Giovanni held an appointment which imposed upon him the duty of painting portraits of the Doge, and these heads were multiplied as was once the custom with the likenesses of the reigning sovereigns of England. But so oppressed was the painter with commissions, and so much was delegated to pupils, that many heads in the galleries of England and of the Continent bear the name of Bellini only by courtesy. This is especially the case with the numerous likenesses of Giovanni said to be by the hand of the artist himself; which, if any, is the true head, it is almost impossible to determine, "for all are dissimilar in character and features." The portrait of Doge Loredano here exhibited, if authentic, must date between 1501 and 1516, as Loredano was created Doge in the former year, and Giovanni died in the latter, having survived his brother Gentile nine years. It is said that Giovanni, though he lived to the age of ninety, went on improving to the last; perhaps the natural decay of the faculties was more than counterbalanced by the amazing progress of art, partly consequent on the adoption at Venice of the process of oil-painting.

Still more provocative of controversy are the seven works in the Academy set down to Titian. One bears the modest title "Finished Study for the famous Picture, Peter Martyr, destroyed by fire in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice, in 1866" (120); it was exhibited at Leeds in 1868. We remember to have heard after that disastrous fire that the National Gallery might have purchased almost any number of such studies, and seven years before the National Gallery of Ireland possessed itself of a "Replica or very old copy"; original drawings for the picture were brought into the market at the Woodburn sale. Also, referring to the *Portfolio* for 1870 we find a full description with a photograph of "a small 'Peter Martyr,'" which Mr. Hamerton discovered by accident at a country house in central France. Mr. Hamerton writes:—"My opinion of the authenticity of the picture has since been confirmed by several artists in Paris, who have studied Titian in the technical sense more profoundly than I (who have never copied any of his works) can pretend to have done." One argument used in favour of the study found in France was that it is not a servile copy, that the variations on the original are such as could scarcely come from any person but the artist himself. The "Finished Study" in the Academy also shows variations, and it must be admitted that the handling has a sketchy breadth, a freedom and force indicative of the master. Still this "Study" has scarcely sufficient merit to justify its presence in preference to other competitors for the honour.

All great pictures are beset by counterfeits; even the works of our English Academicians are so skilfully forged as almost to defy detection. The Old Masters are also known to have been in the habit of repeating their compositions according to the demand. After the lapse of centuries it naturally becomes all but impossible to determine priorities and authorships; hence the confusion which now baffles the student—a confusion which the invaluable labours of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have in some instances rendered more than ever perplexing. Yet we would willingly avail ourselves of their assistance in the Academy, especially as to Titian; and we are glad to hear that their investigations on this, the greatest master of the Venetian school, have reached the stage of manuscript, and are advancing towards publication. We stand in need of something more definite as to "The Disciples at Emmaus" (125), otherwise "The Supper at Emmaus," lent by the Earl of Yarborough, and, turning for assistance to the "revised and remodelled" Handbook of Kugler, just published, we are disappointed to find that the passage in a previous edition on this well-known and oft-repeated subject is expunged. If recent investigations tend to show that not one of these originals or replicas is trustworthy, we think that a too credulous public had a right to receive correction and enlightenment. We have seen at least four renderings of the scene, one in

the Louvre, another in the National Museum at Naples, a third in the National Museum at Dublin, and now a fourth in the Academy. This last is certainly not the best on the list, though some allowance must be made for the condition into which the canvas has fallen. The following description from the Catalogue of the Louvre may be read with interest:—"If tradition can be credited, the figure on the right of the Saviour represents the Emperor Charles V., that on the left Cardinal Ximenes, and the page Philip II. of Spain." A "Magdalen" (136), also from the Earl of Yarborough's collection, is a repetition with variations of the figure in the Pitti Palace. "The Queen of the Gipsies" (130), the ridiculous misnomer given to St. Catherine—re-named by the Academy, since the day of opening, "The Queen of Cyprus"—certainly cannot be accredited to Titian; but internal evidence favours "Diana and Actæon" (117), lent by Earl Yarborough, the "Triumph of Love" (126), contributed by Mr. W. Graham—singularly like to Etty in being just beyond moderation, and yet also bearing resemblance to Titian's masterpiece, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in the National Gallery. Also Titianesque in breadth and boldness, in sketchy suggestiveness, and in solemn colour and slumberous shadow, awakening into warm glow and scintillating light, is a "Landscape" (127), lent by the Queen.

Some minor, though not altogether insignificant, specimens of other Italian painters are scattered about Galleries III. and IV. A "Deposition from the Cross" (128), lent by the Earl of Yarborough, is stamped by the characteristics of Tintoretto, a wild, imaginative master, too seldom seen in England. The National Gallery possesses but one example; for more than forty years no further acquisition has been made, notwithstanding that Mr. Ruskin has by a tempest of eloquence attempted to raise Tintoretto to a pinnacle of glory shared in the writer's imagination only by Turner. But unfortunately here in the Academy, while in the "Wreck of the Minotaur" (158) we can measure the genius of our greatest English landscape-painter, we are forced to go to Venice to gauge the vastness and versatility of Tintoretto. Yet in this "Deposition" (128), also in a less degree in a more questionable specimen, "Jupiter Nursed by the Melian Nymphs" (135), we discover that specific type of beauty, that sport of fancy, play of line, and ring of colour which distinguish Tintoretto from his great contemporaries. We might well have been spared "Judith and Holofernes" (124); this coarse and ill-drawn composition is little else than a parody on Paris Bordone—an artist who needs to be seen at his best or not at all. The early and severe art of Venice as it first issued from Murano is recognized in the "Virgin and Child" (182); the manner of Carlo Crevelli here, as in the magnificent examples in the National Gallery, is patent in decorative draperies and hard realism of accessories.

The Academy is indebted to Mr. John Murray for a couple of small compositions severally of "The Virgin and Child" (174, 180), by Pedrini, a painter of the Milanese school, of whom in England we know too little. The dreamy and subjective expression of the heads, the grey and cold shadows, the delicacy and minuteness of the execution, seen especially in the hair and in a transparent veil, all belong to the disciples of Da Vinci. In the recent edition of Kugler we find quoted the works of this rare master in Milan and Berlin only. These little gems in London certainly deserve to be added.

Holbein, a painter proverbially surrounded with perplexities, never presented more salient points for controversy than in the truly "imaginary portrait" of "William Tell" (167), lent by Sir William Miles. In the first place, instead of being a portrait of William Tell, who died (if he ever lived) two centuries before the time of Holbein, the figure is evidently a study from the life for an archer in some composition of St. Sebastian. As such a study, nothing could be finer. The drawing is true; the modelling of the torso articulate, yet of a *morbidezza* worthy of Italy. But the question arises whether Holbein ever set hands or even eyes upon this panel; if so, the fact has entirely escaped the notice of Mr. Wornum in his exhaustive life of the artist. It is extraordinary, under the present system of sceptical criticism, how many sound and legitimate products are cast upon the world as foundlings to seek for parentage. The picture now called to give an account of itself will be received by every one accustomed to the interpretation of internal evidence as worthy of a well-trained artist; the date apparently is somewhat later than Holbein, while the stern study of nature had not yet yielded to the more seductive charms of the ever-encroaching Renaissance. A conjecture has been thrown out, not without semblance of reason, that this picture is not Transalpine but Cisalpine; in other words, that its locale is Lombardy or Milan, a territory where the arts of the North, including architecture and sculpture as well as painting, met and intermingled with those of the South. In the pictorial schools of Milan and of Padua we accordingly find a rigidity, a naturalism, and even a gracelessness, which are all to be seen in this figure. Moreover, on this nude there is a scrap of drapery about the loins which has the technique of Milan rather than that of Basle. We incline on the whole to transfer this remarkable figure from Holbein to some quattrocentist or cinquecentist studying in Lombardy. The only other portrait assigned to Holbein is that of Edward VI., lent by the Earl of Yarborough, and exhibited in 1866 at Kensington among National Portraits. Mr. Wornum quotes three likenesses of the young King by Holbein, and the one now exhibited, although termed "a charming little picture," he thinks may be a copy of that in the Guelphian Museum, Hanover. Mr. Wornum writes:—

I should not be astonished to find, if a proper comparison could be made,

that Lord Yarborough's portrait is a copy of that in Germany, from some few peculiarities in its execution, from some defects in the right hand, and a certain want of transparency, or a meanness in the colouring, that are not entirely consistent with Holbein's practice.

Charles I. had a copy of this picture by Peter Oliver, and Hollar executed the engraving, which is among the singularly rare collection of Hollar prints now on exhibition in the Gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

Rembrandt is never more himself than when chronicling the time-worn wrinkles in the face of some "Old Lady"—see No. 157, lent by the Earl of Yarborough. With what soft, yet firm, impasto is the flesh modelled! liquid light shines out of transparent shade. Rembrandt at his best justifies the title of "the Dutch Correggio." Of inferior quality are "The Adoration of the Magi" (152), lent by the Queen, and "The Deposition," contributed by the Duke of Abercorn. These large and ambitious compositions are scarcely up to the standard of even the National Gallery picture, "Christ Blessing Little Children," a work now usually transferred from the master to his school. The striking and forceful "Portrait of a Man" (105), lent by the Right Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, obviously belongs to the time when Gerard Dow was passing through the atelier of Rembrandt. Not one of the above pictures is named in the new edition of Kugler's Handbook of the Dutch School, "thoroughly revised" by Mr. Crowe; the only inference to be drawn from which is that these examples, if authentic, are not of primary importance.

Rubens is, for a wonder, limited to three performances, one of which, however, "The Conversion of St. Paul" (110), from Leigh Court, covers a surface of 14,790 square inches. The whole affair is far too tremendous for minute criticism. Such an interpretation of a Scripture narrative we should have supposed possible only to a circus. We are expressly told that the men who journeyed with Saul heard a voice, but did not see the vision, whereas Rubens makes even the horses rear with amazement and kick in self-defence. The picture is to be regarded merely as an exploit of the brush, a triumph of colour. We turn for repose to a quiet, cool landscape (106), contributed by Mr. Fuller Maitland. Rubens was not too distracted or intoxicated to love nature in her simplicity; he could on occasion dwell with delight, like Gainsborough, among the greys which shadow green trees and fields.

The Spanish school shows noble portraits by Velasquez, of which we shall speak hereafter. Also to the great chief of the Madrid school is assigned, apparently on insufficient grounds, "The Virgin in Adoration" (198), from Leigh Court. Yet this dramatic figure, which is masterly, whoever may be the painter, finds a place in Sir Stirling Maxwell's possibly too exhaustive list of the works of Velasquez. But in the "Annals" no mention is made of two life-size and grandly solemn figures, "St. Benedict" (197) and "St. Jerome" (200), contributed by Lord Heytesbury. And yet these striking impersonations are not inconsistent with Sir Stirling Maxwell's assertion that Zurbaran "is the peculiar painter of monks, as Raffaele is of Madonnas and Ribera of martyrdoms; he studied the Spanish friar, and painted him with as high a relish as Titian painted the Venetian noble and Vandyck the gentleman of England."

In landscape the "Old Masters" are not at their best. Yet the "heroic style" of Gaspar Poussin is seen to some advantage in two famous pictures from Leigh Court, "The Falls of Tivoli" (191-195). Of four Canalettos, "St. Mark's, Venice" (50), lent by Mr. K. D. Hodgson, is perhaps the choicest; and "A Sketch near Rome" (134), contributed by Mr. H. Reeve, deserves attention as a study of realism and detail unusual to Claude. The Cuyps, Hobbemas, and Ruysdaels are about as usual. Altogether the collection tends to sustain Mr. Ruskin's position that the Old Masters are inferior to the moderns in landscape. Thus Turner, Müller, Cotman (not Calcott, who is found to suffer in competition), make the landscape-painters of Italy appear by comparison artificial, and those of Holland cold and mechanical.

REVIEWS.

MAINE'S EARLY HISTORY OF INSTITUTIONS.*

SIR HENRY MAINE has made the subject of Ancient Law and of the Early History of Institutions so peculiarly his own, that a new volume from his pen is sure to mark an epoch in the settlement of opinion and the advance of knowledge with regard to a branch of literature the importance of which cannot easily be over-rated. The work he has now published, although built on the lines of its predecessors, shows that he has been able to take a great step forward by the accumulation of new materials and the devotion of new study and the play of an inexhaustible ingenuity. He has at last constructed a theory of the history of early institutions which will be criticized, amplified, and perhaps modified, by subsequent investigators, but which cannot fail to be the central theory on which others will have to work. The shape in which his present volume appears has the merits and demerits incident to the republication of lectures. Something is gained and something lost when philosophical works are composed in this way. The materials are apt to be arranged somewhat out of their natural order. The whole is broken into parts designed

with reference to the convenience of the lecturer and the entertainment of the hearers rather than to the gradual expansion of the main ideas which it is sought to convey. Matter which has been once given is necessarily repeated, for a lecturer cannot be sanguine enough to believe that his hearers will carry in their heads all that he has previously said; and qualifications of assertions made in earlier lectures are appended to restatements in later lectures when there has seemed a danger of misapprehension. Sometimes, too, matters of very various kinds are grouped together, the tie between them being mainly that the lecturer in each case was the same person. A fourth of the present volume is devoted to a discussion of the various systems of dealing with the property of married women, and to an examination of Austin's favourite term "Sovereignty"; and these subjects come as a surprise on a reader who has been previously occupied with the chief subject of the volume—Ancient Irish Law. There are also one or two apparent and unimportant inaccuracies which betray probably the pressure of a lecturer who could not afford the leisure of an historian. On the other hand, a volume which is a republication of lectures gains in many ways. The first and greatest of its advantages is that it exists. A writer with many calls on his time may be capable of writing what he always puts off writing; but a lecturer is obliged to lecture. By its judicious endowment of a suitable Professorship, Corpus College has forced Sir Henry Maine to write, and it may congratulate itself on the certainty that the result of its expenditure is cheap at the price. In the next place, a lecturer is animated and stimulated by the duties of his office. There is an air of enjoyment in his discussions throughout Sir Henry Maine's volume which interests the reader, and is often wanting in methodical treatises. Lastly, the grouping together of materials only slightly connected may often have a special value for particular classes of persons. A discussion on Austin and Sovereignty may seem somewhat alien to a treatise on the Brehon Laws. It is in the hands of Sir Henry Maine connected with Ancient Law, for it is impossible to conceive any juristical topic which he could not connect with Ancient Law. But a jump from Brehon Law to Sovereignty is a jump, however well it may be jumped. To those, however, who are studying Austin's work at a University nothing could be more valuable than to have Austin's theory criticized with a power of analysis and illustration which has never been applied to it before; and the basis of the criticism, that Austin's propositions as to Sovereignty and the nature of law are only practically applicable to societies which have passed from the stage of ancient into that of modern law, seems equally ingenious and true.

Various authors have in recent years occupied themselves with accumulating proofs that throughout Europe primitive institutions prevailed, traces of which have survived even to the present day in spite of the influences of Roman law and of feudalism. These institutions are spoken of generically as village communities, and remnants of the cultivation of the soil obtaining in these communities are to be found, or were recently to be found, in countries even so far advanced as England and France. Types of such communities actually exist in the more backward parts of Europe, and are familiar to all who possess Asiatic experience. Local records, the descriptions of Roman historians, and the analogies offered by what is visible in places where village communities still exist, amply suffice to show that these communities must have had, in countries where they have ceased to exist, some definite relation to the beginnings of society in its patriarchal form, to tribes, to chiefs, and to individual possessors of land. To seize on the historical order under which village communities and institutions connected with them ought to be ranged is to reproduce the early history of what are now the leading families of mankind, and this is the point which Sir Henry Maine has reached in his new volume. He has made a skeleton out of fossil bones. In attaining this success he has been greatly aided by possessing two new sources of most valuable materials—Indian records and facts, and the recent translation of a great portion of the old Irish law-books. These materials may have been accessible to others, but he has been the first to perceive the threads that must be followed if the disjointed pieces of knowledge suggested were to be grouped together. Like most satisfactory theories, his theory of the history of early institutions may be stated shortly and simply, when it is once constructed; but the difficulty of getting to it can scarcely be appreciated, except with a knowledge of what ancient laws look like when they are first approached. Sir Henry Maine's theory of historical succession in the ideas to which the subject of early institutions introduces us is briefly this:—We set out with the patriarchal family, the man with paternal power over his descendants, the ruler and owner of the persons and things arranged under him. The next stage is that of the joint family, a familiar feature of Indian life, and traces of which are to be found in the Irish laws. The family is now enlarged; there are families in the family, but with a common table; and the paternal power has faded away into the management of the joint interests of the family. Then one or more of such families settle on a particular piece of soil and begin to cultivate it; and the possession of this definite holding changes the social life of those living on it. Kinship, real or fictitious, is the bond of the whole society, and cultivation is for the benefit of all, either by an actual participation in common produce or by a periodic redistribution of lots. But for such a society something more than management is needed. There must be an approach to government or administration, and the village council is formed, or the headman comes to the front. In process of time the village community tends to break up, the holders of plots keep

* *Lectures on the Early History of Institutions.* By Sir Henry Sumner Maine, K.S.I. London: John Murray. 1875.

them, the soil belongs to an individual; but there are many shades and fluctuations in the process. The individual may be rather in the enjoyment than in the ownership of the thing; the inherent claims of his family on it may be recognized more or less. But as the interest of the individual in the soil becomes more permanent, as he breaks away so far from the group to which he belongs, his power over his immediate group revives, and the *Patria Potestas* once more makes its appearance. Each community is, however, attached, by at least a theoretical community of descent and by contiguity of location, to other similar communities, or, in other words, is part of a tribe, and over this tribe presides a person who wields what may be termed a glorified *Patria Potestas*, and is a chief; and the whole tribe, with its chief, may be subordinate to a tribe in a wider sense, the tie of kinship becoming more legendary and the power of the chief greater at every stage. All tribal chiefs may be under one supreme chief, and there is even in Ireland a poetical reminiscence or fiction of such a person as a King of Erin.

Such theoretically is the history of early institutions, and when we have carried them to this point, then, in those societies which advanced, we begin the disintegrating process which has stamped its special character on modern as opposed to ancient society. The power of the highest chief is increased; there is a central government, there is legislation, there is the orderly enunciation and administration of law. The power of the lower chiefs augments, the chief becomes a person more distinct from those over whom he presides; he protects them, and they begin to serve, and then to hold under, him; he enlarges his domain; he forms a retinue dependent on him; he quarters servile or semi-servile strangers on the tribal domain. The feudal lord enters on the scene, and when we have the king, legislation, and lords, we have modern society started, the tribal system dies out, men are connected by living in the same place, not by kinship, and village communities are only traceable in antiquated customs of cultivation. But all this is only the general and theoretical history of the progress and transformation of early societies. It has been gathered by Sir Henry Maine from many sources, and one of the richest of these sources has been the Brehon Law. But neither in Ireland nor anywhere else is the continuity of the chronological chain preserved. This arises partly from the very nature of the facts to be analysed. At any given moment the main change is never complete. There are always remnants of the old existing by the side of the new, and the process by which tribes are formed may be renewed, and a new tribe formed by some new *Paterfamilias* starting a family that is once more transmuted into a joint family, and possibly into a village community, or even a tribe. Things may, in short, go round instead of onwards, and even if there is some approximation to general advance, there is no synchronism of movement in the advancing parts. Further, there may be, and generally have been, perturbations and modifications of the whole society under external influences, as, for example, in the case of Ireland, the introduction of Christianity and of Roman, through ecclesiastical, law. It is therefore the difficult task of the explorer of early societies to conceive the general theory of the changes to which they are inherently exposed, and in each particular case to see the modifications in the application of the theory which are introduced by the degree to which the old and the new have happened to have a simultaneous existence, and by the action of external influences. Sir Henry Maine warns his readers that he does not hope to have arrived in every case at the precisely right explanation of the various modifying causes that have operated on a society of which we still know so little as that of ancient Ireland; but he may certainly lay claim to have shaped once for all the true method of treating the phenomena with which every investigator of early societies has to deal.

Those who are acquainted with the previous works of Sir Henry Maine will be prepared to find in his new volume an abundance of suggestive speculations on a great variety of topics more or less connected with the main subject of discussion. He delights in raising problem after problem, and briefly despatching each with an explanation which must from the necessities of the case be frequently merely conjectural, but which never fails to possess the merit of being prompted by a mind quick to seize analogies and of great fertility of invention. Instances far too numerous for quotation might easily be drawn from this volume; but no reader can fail to be struck with the discussions he will find in it on the Brehons as a literary, law-uttering class with close analogies to the Druids and the Brahmins, on the part which distress by seizure of cattle plays in early law as an instrument for bringing about arbitration in a society to which law courts are unknown, and on the causes which have adversely or favourably affected the pecuniary position of married women in India, in ancient Rome, and in modern Europe. Perhaps of the special sections of the book, that which sketches the history and the position of the Irish chiefs is the most original, interesting, and valuable. It is not too much to say that Sir Henry Maine has here lifted the veil from one of the long-standing mysteries of feudal history. The granting of territories to retainers on the condition of the beneficiary rendering personal service in arms is a matter which presents little difficulty. It is a merely historical question as to the time at which a practice so familiar to the German tribes and to the later Roman Empire prevailed over antecedent modes of holding land. But this was only one mode in which feudalism was established. The other mode was that of commendation—that is, the voluntary placing of himself by a free proprietor under a lord. The desire

of the humbler and weaker to put themselves under the protection of the greater and stronger affords a partial, but only a very partial, explanation. It throws no light on the complexity of tenures, on the variety of customs by which tenure was regulated, on the degradation, and degrees of degradation, of the mass of those who lived by cultivation. Sir Henry Maine invites us to begin by realizing that in early societies land is a drug, and cattle to crop pastures and to till and fertilize arable land are the real sources and constituents of wealth. The ox is the basis of the social structure. He is so valued that in India he was made sacred, and in Rome he was what Sir Henry Maine, with a generous enthusiasm for the animal he has in a manner invented, terms "elevated into a *res mancipi*." But it is in Ireland that the ox is best seen in his character of an originator of feudalism. The Irish chief was the man who held the greater part of the wealth of his tribe, the man who had inherited or stolen the greatest number of oxen. He had that by which alone the land of his tribesmen could be made valuable. He used to let out his stock, and it was by taking stock that his tribesmen became his tenants. The more oxen a man took, the more he was in the power of the chief. The man who, having some oxen of his own, took few from the chief, was recognized as superior to the man whose land was useless to him unless the chief supplied all the necessary oxen. In return for the loan of the oxen, the cultivator could only give a part of the yield he derived from them and some sort of personal service; and thus the stocktaker became, or was on the high road to becoming, a rentpayer and a vassal. To take stock was therefore to recognize a superiority, and to owe duties; and it passed into a sign of subordination, chiefs forcing men to take stock, and one chief by taking stock placing himself under another. The takers of much stock occupied a position the character of which became more and more humble, and even servile, and as the chief found it easier or pleasanter to consume his share of the produce on the spot, he quartered himself and his retainers at stated intervals on the occupier, and thus the practice of coshering grew up, which excited so much indignation in the minds of English observers. Nor was this all. Ireland was in a state of chronic disorder, and outcasts abounded who were allowed to settle on the wastes of a tribe, and who deteriorated the condition of the lower tribesmen both by the contamination of a more complete degradation, and possibly by pressure on the tribal means of support. It is easy to see that we have in the conditions of a society subjected to such a process a clue to the varying relations that subsisted in feudal Europe between lord and vassal, and subsequently between landlord and tenant, and to the deepening shades of degradation, from the free tenant to the villein and the slave, that marked off into classes the dwellers on the soil.

SMITH'S OCCASIONAL ESSAYS.*

WE do not remember to have ever heard of the author of these essays before; and the only bit of personal information given in the book is that he is in some way engaged in business. But if we know nothing of Mr. Smith himself, we are thoroughly familiar with the type which he represents. We have been half inclined to fancy at moments that he is an imaginary character, and that the essays have been written by some clever person with a purely dramatic purpose. The views which they express are not particularly interesting in themselves; but by their very want of interest they become an amusing illustration of a common, perhaps the commonest, variety of the English mind. Mr. Smith is the intelligent person whom we meet in foreign countries, who is perfectly ignorant of the strength of his own prejudices. He judges everything by a purely British standard; but then it has never even occurred to him that any other standard is conceivable. He runs over a little string of commonplaces with never-failing interest, because he cannot distinguish between the process of thinking and of repeating what was once thought. He has not vivacity enough to start a paradox, and therefore supposes that he has a judgment of unusual soundness. He is not offensively dogmatic, but he has an indefinite supply of perfect self-complacency which becomes equally irritating in the long run. His greatest range of thought is from one to the other of the two sets of platitudes which are to be found in regard to every conceivable subject. He tells you that he likes liberty so long as it does not become license; that temperance is a good thing, though of course it should not be pushed to a culpable disregard of the good things of this life. He is very fond of observing that a doctrine is theoretically perfect, but that it will not answer in practice. He admires zeal when it does not become fanaticism; religious belief when it is not superstitious; originality when it does not verge upon eccentricity; and, in short, he thinks that excellence in every department of thought and conduct is to be obtained by striking a judicious medium between all extremes. His style is the faithful exponent of his mind. It is not ungrammatical, but it is never picturesque. It flows in a level stream of sleep-compelling monotony; and each paragraph is neatly rounded off by some of those sounding sentences which, like pebbles on the sea-shore, have lost all distinctive character by the incessant attrition of common discourse. Canning, if we remember rightly, once described a speech as consisting entirely of the matter which in other

* *Occasional Essays*. By Samuel Smith. Edinburgh: Maclaren & Macniven. 1874.

speeches filled up the interstices of argument. Mr. Smith's essays consist exclusively of that colourless substance which is used by inferior writers to lubricate their discourses and conceal the absence of any particular opinions.

If, as we have suggested, Mr. Smith is really an imaginary person, his character is admirably sustained. It must have been a task of no small difficulty to touch upon so many subjects of interest without letting fall a single remark which deviates from the most unequivocal commonplace. Two essays deal with the United States before and after the war; another with India; a third with the late French and German war; two or three more with historical and political history; and two with theological controversy. It is not easy to criticize a book the chief peculiarity of which is the absence of any marked peculiarity. But dipping into it here and there, we may bring up some of those pearls of wisdom which reward the researches of commonplace philosophers. Mr. Smith, for example, compares the vitality of ancient and modern civilization. He is of course one of those persons who lump together "the ancients" as a set of people who may be regarded as having all lived about the same time and entertained much the same opinions. "The systems," he tells us, "of the ancient sages were distinguished by the most marvellous subtlety"; but unluckily they had not a modern scientific training, and therefore "never since the world began were so much learning and genius expended with so little practical result." Unlucky ancients! We had fancied that Greek and Roman speculation had had some trifling influence upon later developments of thought, and that we could have picked out one or two other periods and countries where intellect had run to waste fruitlessly enough. However, the explanation of the fact is that "the ancients . . . knew not the sure process of inductive inquiry, that grand instrument for the discovery of truth which Bacon was privileged to bring to light." This little remark perhaps shows us where Mr. Smith has been studying. He has doubtless read a certain essay by Macaulay, who is worshipped by the ordinary Briton as much for his faults as for his really great merits. Another weakness of the ancients was the want of a sound religious belief. We are sorry to say, however, that, according to Mr. Smith, this is a misfortune which has been shared by almost every race and in every period. The ancient Jews, the early Christians, and the modern Protestants are the only people who have had a religion good for anything. Some people have thought, indeed, that mediæval Christianity had a considerable and not altogether prejudicial effect upon society. But Mr. Smith knows better. "Adown the dreary vista of the middle ages," he poetically observes, "we see little of the pure and elevating genius of the Christian religion. We gaze upon that odious mixture of truth and falsehood" (we wonder, by the way, how long and how closely Mr. Smith has gazed upon it) "and almost hesitate to give it a preference to the torpid corruption of Paganism. As the centuries advanced this caricature of Christianity became more gaunt and hideous, and when we reach the times of Philip and the Inquisition, of Alva and Bartholomew, we feel ourselves in the presence of demons, not men." From which it follows—and we are glad to give credit to Mr. Smith for actually pointing to a logical difficulty—that if sound Christianity degenerated in this lamentable way, the soundness of our present Christianity can be no guarantee that we shall not fall back into similar corruption. However, we escape from this difficulty by remembering that primitive Christianity "had no hold on the intelligence or conscience of the great mass of the people," whereas, since the Reformation, "the numbers of those who at all events recognize intellectually the lofty claims of the Christian faith have been steadily increasing." This is specially gratifying, as elsewhere Mr. Smith laments the rapid increase of infidelity. However, the argument is supplemented by other considerations. People have always been steadily growing more intelligent; printing "has virtually rendered truths once discovered imperishable"; and, finally, "there is no agency in modern times which tends so powerfully to the spread of intelligence as the newspaper." Of course Mr. Smith would not be himself if he did not immediately begin to unsay this remark, and observe that the press has been grossly abused everywhere except in England, where, as we are glad though hardly surprised to hear, it is the palladium of our liberties. And here we may leave Mr. Smith fairly on the road to the familiar eloquence about Free-trade, railways, and the progress of education. We are such clever fellows, it seems, that it is out of the question that we should ever again sink into the corruptions of the middle ages or "the ancients."

A good solid complacency is of course the favourite attitude of mind of the Smiths. But it is amusing to see how keenly sensible they can be to the faults of every one whose self-complacency exceeds their own, though on precisely similar grounds. The average American, it may be said, is in many respects an exaggerated version of the average Englishman. He believes a little more in the value of railways and schools, and has a rather more pronounced contempt for the ancients. The public opinion which he worships is not unlike the same power in England, but is less restrained by habits of respect for the authority of a cultivated class. Accordingly, our good Mr. Smith, when he goes to America, becomes painfully impressed by the faults of his cousins. He takes his stand at once on the opposite set of platitudes. He has been boasting of our material progress, but when he sees the same phenomenon in an exaggerated degree, he calls it by the ugly name of "materialism." English industry is an admirable quality, but in America the same quality becomes

a degrading mammon-worship. We have a proper respect for the pound sterling, but our cousins grovel before the almighty dollar. The English liberty becomes American license, and our extension of political rights to the ordinary householder may be a judicious step in advance, whereas universal suffrage in America is a hideous phenomenon, exemplifying all that has been said of democracy in all ages. We need not ask whether Mr. Smith's opinions are in any degree sound; but it is perfectly clear that they are the opinions which he would hold, whether sound or not. They are simply a form of translating the harmless truism, "You are not Englishmen," into what appears to the Smiths to be an equivalent proposition, "You are a set of degraded beings." We need only remark one other characteristic touch. The Smith mind is specially accessible to the argument from success. Mr. Smith's first visit to America was in 1860, when everybody was looking forward to the possibilities of civil war. Mr. Smith then held that America was going to the dogs; and he only ventures upon the prophecy—so dear to all commonplace politicians—that, if a civil war takes place, it will end in a Napoleon or a Cromwell. But the next visit was just after the close of the civil war, and Mr. Smith discovers that the Americans had a vast amount of patriotism and common sense for which he had not given them credit. His opinion of their future becomes accordingly more hopeful, but it is not yet quite fixed; for in the preface he intimates that he is once more trying to hit off the judicious mean, and now thinks that he was at first too despondent and afterwards too sanguine. Gradually, we may hope, he will succeed in hitting off an opinion absolutely neutral in tint. From his observations he has constructed a political theory which is admirably characteristic. He is neither a Tory nor a Radical, but announces as the great article of his creed "that political rights should be extended as far as may be done without danger to the public welfare." He adds that this may seem to some persons "rather a lame conclusion"—as we confess that it does to us. We can only say that it would be a little more to the purpose if he would give us some criterion of "danger to the public welfare." If he means that we are to extend political rights when the extension does no harm, we suspect that most persons would agree with him. If he thinks that some good is to be derived from their extension which may counterbalance a certain amount of harm, we are then left entirely at sea for any method of comparing the good and the evil. However, he has a good ambidextrous commonplace which will serve equally well to throw at a Conservative or a Radical, and that seems to be the end of most of his speculations. There is indeed one exception. He is a good orthodox Christian, and confutes the infidel in a couple of essays whose intention is certainly not ambiguous. In a single page he settles the controversy which is now raging between Professor Lightfoot and the author of *Supernatural Religion*, and we will suggest to both gentlemen that they had better look at it if they think from the preceding remarks that it is likely to clear up the subject.

GIPSIES.*

THE list of works upon the language and habits of the English gipsies includes no less than thirty-three books, pamphlets, and articles, not counting the old edicts against them and the recently discovered specimen of their dialect given by Dr. Andrew Boorde in 1547. The wild and amusing medley of real and fictitious adventures contained in Mr. Borrow's various publications first aroused a general interest in the strange people who have so long lived amongst us, an isolated semi-barbarous race in the midst of civilization. Mr. Leland, in his *English Gipsies*, has placed them before us as they are, and, while he deals chiefly with the picturesque element of their character, he has furnished far more complete specimens of their language than were previously attainable. Dr. Smart and Mr. Crofton now come into the field with a book the scope of which is purely philological, but which also contains copious materials for the study of their ethnological peculiarities. Although avowedly a second edition of a pamphlet issued by Dr. Smart some ten years ago, it is so augmented and improved, and the arrangement is so altered, that we hail it as a new and valuable addition to the literature of a subject of daily increasing interest.

The chief authority cited in the work is a certain Silvester Boswell, one of the "deepest" (i.e. purest) Romanies in the country, as we are told. We are charmed to be introduced to this interesting personage, but we must protest against the words in which he is introduced:—"No *posh* and *posh* mumper is he, but a genuine specimen of a Romany-chal." Now this expression "*posh* and *posh* mumper," "half-bred tramp," is the worst conceivable form of abuse that can be uttered in polite gipsy ears, and the implied sneer at the sources of information open to other Romany students is not in the best taste. With this exception, the estimate given of the value of previous writings on the subject is both just and critical.

There are two distinct forms of speech in English Gipsy—first, the old Romanis, spoken by perhaps only a dozen living persons, in which no English words and forms occur, yet which is so imperfect and obsolete that of those dozen no one knows more than

* *The Dialect of the English Gipsies.* By B. C. Smart, M.D., and H. T. Crofton. Second Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. London: Asher & Co. 1875.

a part; secondly, the new or broken dialect, the "Romanis of the Roads," in which Romani words are used with English forms and idioms. The older dialect Dr. Smart and Mr. Crofton have with great skill and success rehabilitated in the work before us. As they themselves tell us:—

These "fathers in Israel," the "jinomeseros," or pundits of their tribe, are well acquainted with words and idioms which are unfamiliar to their sons and will be almost unintelligible to the generation which shall come after them. Little else than bare root words are to be obtained from the modernized Gipsy of the Period; but in conversing with his patriarchal sire,

Whose spirit is a chronicle
Of strange and occult and forgotten things,

we have often been rewarded by hearing archaic terms and obsolete inflexions, which, like the bones and eggs of the Great Auk, or the mummified fragments of a Dodo, are the sole relics of extinct forms. These need to be eagerly listened for and carefully treasured as the broken utterances of an expiring language.

The work contains a grammar, a Gipsy-English and English-Gipsy vocabulary, and a miscellaneous collection of Romany compositions, translations, and dialogues. The first part is not strictly speaking a grammar, but is an attempt, as we have said, to rehabilitate the old language by giving an account of the various grammatical inflexions still existing in English Romanis, and referring them to their proper places in the paradigms (from Dr. Paspatis) of the fuller Turkish-Gipsy forms. The vocabulary, though collected from the utterances of such "deep" Romanies as the Boswells and their "pals," and borrowing something from the works of Borrow, Leland, and others, is yet far from extensive; and such words as *chamor*, cherries; *sakku*, a swan; *chinger*, through; *atut*, across or against; *kamakonyo*, a mouse, and hundreds of other words which are familiar enough to many families of gipsies, are unrepresented here. But then it is an undoubted fact that there is scarcely any Romany word-collector in England who has not a few unique specimens which he alone has discovered, and which he exhibits with pride to brother collectors.

Dr. Smart and his colleague are evidently careful chroniclers, but indifferent lexicographers; and in their striving after orthographical reform they are not always consistent. They very rightly discard the *r* in the plural termination, and write *aw* instead of *or*, which is used by most of their predecessors; but they write *korlo*, black, instead of the more usual *kalo* or *kavlo* (Hindi *kālā*), and thus perpetrate the very Cockneyism against which they have been warning their readers. Again, they employ the Greek *χ*, as in *boxer*, to jump, but give no equivalent for the guttural *g*, as in *sig*, quick, and other words. This *χ* might with advantage have been used in many other words, notably in *χukto* and *χukko* (written *kooshto*), which represents the Persian *khush*. We cannot agree with them either in considering the prefix *mi* in *Midovel* or *Midoovel*, God, as representing merely the English "my." Mr. Leland's hypothesis, that it is the *Maha* of the Indian *Mahadeva*, is much more in accordance with the facts and traditions of the language. Where much is excellent it is perhaps invidious to call attention to such slight inaccuracies as the confusion of *ker*, to do, and *kel*, to play or dance. In a gipsy's mouth the liquids are not always very nicely distinguished, but that the roots just mentioned are separate and distinct is obvious from a comparison with the Hindi *ker-na*, to do, and *kel-na*, to play. The authors, it is true, disclaim any profound acquaintance with etymology, but the temptation to dabble in it has proved too strong for them, and, as might be expected, they are not always successful. Thus *bor*, mate, is not, as they suggest, the provincial "bor" (for "boy") with which inhabitants of the Eastern Counties and readers of *David Copperfield* are familiar, but the Hindi *bhai*, brother, sir, which appears also as an honorific title in Gujarati in such names as Jeejeebhoy, Dadabhoj. *Barsengro*, a shepherd, also, is not the French *bergère*, but is from the Hindi *bher*, a sheep, with the formative *s*, and the ordinary Romany termination *engro*. Again *trad* (in *lel trad*, take care) is not a corruption of the French *garde*, but of the Persian *dard*, pains, formed exactly on the same principles as *trash*, fear, from *tars*, and *drab*, poison, from *dāru* or *dārac*. A single example will show how important a knowledge of the Oriental idioms is for properly prosecuting the study of the Gipsy language; two words are here given for "river," namely, *doriv* and *doyāc*; one being considered as a mere variant of the other, and referred to one and the same Turkish-Gipsy original. The fact is, however, that they respectively represent the Persian *dariyd*, a river or sea, and *djū i āb*, a stream of water. Again *forus*, a market town, is set down as a variant of *fairus*, the English word fair, whereas it is obviously the Hindi *pir* or *pore*, which appears in so many well-known Indian geographical names.

The basis of the Gipsy language is doubtless some dialect of the Hindi, but it also contains a very large proportion of purely Persian words and idioms. This fact is very significant as showing the course taken by the original emigrants from India, who appear to have travelled through Persia, where many of their descendants still exercise the trade of saddle-makers, *Zingān* or *Zinkār*, which has given rise to the appellation by which gipsies are most commonly known throughout Europe. The vocabulary is full of Persian words; e.g. *chaho* and its variant *chukka*, a coat, are the Persian *chokha*, a kind of overcoat, the two forms arising from the different modes of pronouncing the Oriental guttural *kh*. Indeed, every fresh word exhibits more plainly this intimate connexion between Gipsy and Persian; for instance, *wonka*, when, a common word in the present work, is the Persian *ān gāh*, at that time, when, with the euphonic *te*, which almost invariably appears in

such derivatives—e.g. Pers. *angusht*, a finger, Gipsy *wongusht*. It is a singular fact that English Gipsy contains a large proportion of pure Indian root words which have not yet found their way into the continental or Turkish dialects.

The close relationship between the English and Oriental Gipsy dialects is exhibited in this work by a rendering into the former by an English gipsy of some sentences from Paspatis's work on the Turkish Tchingianes. The writer of the present article has frequently found English Romany with a slight admixture of Arabic perfectly intelligible to the *Nawar* of Syria and Arabia. In an appendix to the vocabulary a number of words are cited from Borrow, Leland, Paspatis, &c., which the authors have apparently not been able to verify, and have therefore not embodied in the main portion of the work. Some of these, such as *peshta* (? *pi-shota*), bellows, are surely well known enough; with others the writer is personally familiar, such as *shelno*, green (pronounced by the Mathews family *shall*); *pitaree*, basket; *tullero*, dumb (also *lulero*); *yul* or *yol*, they, &c. Again, we find *jolta*, or, more correctly, *jota*, spoken of as a signal cry, "the meaning of which is obsolete." Mr. Leland tells us that Mat. Cooper informed him that the word meant "together," and was well known to members of his tribe; it is, in fact, simply the vocative of the Hindi *jātk*, a band or company; and is connected with *jatna*, to unite. It would have been fairer to say that the meaning was unknown to Dr. Smart's informant. In word-building gipsies appear intuitively to follow the same principles which influence the formation of words in the languages of more civilized people. Thus we have *beshopen*, sessions, from *besh*, to sit; *gavengro*, a policeman, from *gar* = *πάῖς*, a town.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of philology in the book is old Wester Boswell's translation of "His Holy Word" by *testi heveski lavan*—*heveski*, from *hev*, a hole. But not only in philology, but in ethnology, the Romany-chals are a far-seeing people; witness their name for Lancashire, *Peardadelin-tem*, foot-kicking country. The following are odd instances of the gipsy method of translating English words and objects. *Kil-pisham*, literally, butterfly; *grooveni roozha*, cow-flower (cowslip); and *divousy roozha*, daily-flower (daisy). The assonance between certain English words has caused them to be confused in Romany, and in some cases a grim, though unintentional, joke is the result, as when we are told (p. 134) that they have only one word to express both "lawyer" and "liar."

By far the most interesting part of the work is the collection of "genuine Romany compositions" at the end. There is a wealth of the picturesque element in these, which comes out all the more remarkably from their very simplicity. The figure of Wester Boswell is one of the most characteristic of Romany life and thought which we ever remember to have come across, and Dr. Smart and his colleague have done well in refraining from touching up the old gipsy's sketches of himself with any descriptions of their own. These short pieces are also, what the authors assert them to be, the "deepest" English Romany extant. Old Wester's letters are almost unique, as it has not been the good fortune of any previous author, so far as we know, to fall in with so "deep" a Romany who could express himself in writing. The tales and translations are less interesting, and have not the same true Romany ring about them; still they are not without merit as showing that the language, rude and simple as it is, is capable of being adapted to the requirements even of poetry and oratory. There is, we must confess, a certain sly unctuousness in the religious pieces which is very characteristic of the gipsy when upon that, to him, most uncongenial of all subjects.

A very amusing contrast between the Romany and English ways of looking at the same thing is afforded by a newspaper account of the trial of a gipsy girl for a fraud, too commonly practised by the tribe, and the girl's own version of the affair (pp. 204-207). The case was dismissed with a solemn caution from the magistrate, which is thus related:—"And he said to the woman, 'What a big fool you were to lend your things to one like her. Don't you know that you were the fool? The gipsy girl was no fool. Get off with you. Don't let me see you here any more.' And he told the gipsy girl he could not punish her." The manner in which many of the gipsy customs are related is also very characteristic of the people. Unlike the English peasant, the Romany when asked about a particular practice does not give a dry categorical account, but at once conjures up the scene before him, and gives an impromptu dramatic representation of it. The following account of gipsy funeral ceremonies, short as it is, is infinitely more graphic than whole columns of a newspaper report could be:—

Alas! alas! my friends. What shall I do? My poor old father is no more. What must I do with all he left behind? I will burn them all. Everything except these things of iron, and those I will cast into the deep.

When a person has been engaged for years in collecting notes of conversations such as those which form the basis of the present vocabulary, it is, no doubt, difficult to eliminate all the part that he himself may have taken in them. But this should be done very conscientiously, for, although the Englishman may speak Gipsy "like a native," yet we can hardly accept his utterances as authoritative illustrations of the language. In p. 47 we find as an example of syntax, *toogeno shom mé to dik toot akei*, "I am sorry to see thee here"; and on turning to p. 209 we find it to be an extract from a dialogue between a gipsy in prison and a visitor. The words in question can only have been uttered by one of the authors, for if the visitor, and consequently the interlocutor, had been merely a gipsy friend of the prisoner's, the authors would not have been present at the interview so as to

record it, unless Lancashire gaol discipline is much more lax than elsewhere. And such an expression as *mi-duvelsko mauromengri*, God's murderers, as a rendering for Jews (p. 111), was never, we are sure, evolved out of a gipsy brain.

There is still a great deal to be done in the field of Romany investigation; but Dr. Smart and Mr. Crofton have certainly made a very valuable contribution to the study in the present work. Books on the Gipsy language have at present but a small circle of readers, and, the number of impressions being necessarily limited, they must quickly get out of print. But as the importance of the dialect begins to make itself felt they will become more valuable, and we recommend philologists not to lose the chance which is now afforded them by the somewhat phenomenal appearance, within a short time of each other, of two or three new works on the subject.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.*

THE pen of a ready writer is too often taken for an unmixed good. The phrase has become proverbial, and the thing passes for being desirable in itself. As often happens in such cases, a false impression is given, or at least kept up, by the currency of words apart from their original context. In this instance there is a qualifying context, not without significance, which men of letters would do well to bear more constantly in mind. That ancient poet who was eager to speak of the things he had made unto the King did not let loose the readiness of his tongue until he was clearly satisfied that his heart was inditing of a good matter. Mr. Alfred Austin is a ready writer, as appears by the number of his already published works, and on the present occasion he has indited a serious dramatic poem on the Tower of Babel, in five acts and about 4,700 lines. Probably Mr. Austin will find some readers who think this a good and profitable matter for an Englishman to indite in the present time, and we wish him joy of them. But, at the risk of being for ever excluded from the list of those "pure descendants of Ahræel and Noema" to whom "this poem is familiarly inscribed," we must confess we are not of the number. The subject is not altogether new, and an author who treats it naturally invites comparison with his predecessors. The poem that most immediately occurs to us is one to which we are unable to give any reference, as we have forgotten in what particular Sunday book for children we found it; but we have no difficulty in quoting it at length. It ran thus, if we remember right:—

O impious man, to tempt the Lord so high
By building Babel's tower to reach the sky!

In point of brevity this excels Mr. Austin's performance in a ratio of more than two thousand to one, nor does it compare unfavourably with it in perspicuity. The sentiments are certainly not less just nor the moral less pointed, and we incline to think that the design is more sober, the language more becoming, and the indication (artfully introduced rather than a set description) of the catastrophe more dignified. We have also another and probably an older author in mind, but, as he supplements rather than competes with Mr. Austin, he will more fitly be mentioned at the end. Seriously, this is one of the things that move one to perfect and inexpressible amazement. Human actions may or may not be ultimately reducible to scientific explanation, but it will assuredly be at least a very long time before we ascertain what the conditions can be that determine a man who is neither mad nor inspired, but simply a practised writer with a very pretty facility for turning out passable verse, to sit down sadly and compose a dramatic poem in five acts about the Tower of Babel, which entirely depends for its interest on the loves of a spirit hero and a mortal heroine. This kind of machinery may in the hands of a Byron or a Shelley be the vehicle for sublimity; in less powerful ones it can seldom escape from being tedious, except when it becomes ridiculous. There may be those, but we do not think there will be many, who will find it majestic in Mr. Austin's poem, and if any find it ridiculous enough to give them much entertainment of another sort, they will be more fortunate than ourselves.

The principal characters are Aran, the chief builder of the Tower, Noema, his wife, whom he does not appreciate, and Ahræel, a spirit (resident, it seems, in some planet near the sun), who does appreciate her. Ahræel lights on the earth by accident in one of his wanderings, sees Noema, and falls in love with her. He takes her out for an excursion in space and talks popular astronomy and mild metaphysics; and on various occasions he expresses his love in rapturous lyrics of exceeding mediocrity. Meanwhile Aran's rash enterprise proceeds in spite of his wife's presentiments and warnings, which he scouts as a woman's idle dreams. In the fourth act the Tower is struck by lightning, and Aran perishes in the general ruin. In the last act the spirit-lover Ahræel becomes mortal on his love being returned by Noema, which would be an agreeable conceit if it were original; and they determine to migrate to the shores of the Mediterranean, to live happy ever after, and to become the ancestors of the progressive and artistic races of mankind. Aran, we presume, is meant for a type of the ordinary grasping, short-sighted man of the world; Noema stands for the better susceptibilities and ideal aspirations of humanity; and Ahræel for the elevating influences of artistic and emotional culture, more especially as the same are set

forth by Mr. Alfred Austin. There is also Irad, the son of Aran and Noema, a boy some seven years old, of no marked character, with other subordinate persons of strongly typical characters. These are Peleg, the orthodox priest (as orthodoxy went in Shinar, however that may have been—a point which is not made very clear); Korah, a Rousseau born forty centuries before his time, who is described in the *Dramatis Personæ* as "an Enthusiast and Believer in Perfectibility"; Sidon, an indifferent philosopher; and Eber, an astrologer, sceptical in all things but his own assumed science. Perhaps it is not without an intention of political allegory that the Priest and the Enthusiast are shown in agreement only once—namely, when they join in stirring up a servile insurrection. All these personages are very handsomely killed off in the fall of the Tower at the end of the fourth act. The stage direction runs thus, in the intervals of a defiant speech addressed by Aran to things in general:—

[As he speaks, lightning strikes the summit of the Tower, and amidst the roar of thunder, the topmost storeys with their armed defenders are hurled headlong through the air, crushing, as they reach the ground, many of those collected at the base; amongst these, PELEG and SIDON. Some of the survivors fly from the ground. Others crowd fearfully round ARAN.

[A fresh peal is heard, and several more storeys, injured by the previous shock, are toppled down; EBER among those who fall.

The monologue is broken by a final protest from Korah, which, however, Aran has time to suppress before his own end:—

KORAH.

Leave him, friends!

Hear how he raves! 'T was a madman's hand
Piled up the Tower, a madman who defends.
'Away, and keep yourselves for better days!
What's Heaven to you, who still have got the Earth?
'Ware lest ye lose them both!

ARAN.

How, insolent!

Thou wouldst incite my legions to desert,
And march towards the Future! March there thou!

[He pierces KORAH with his spear, who falls.

[A thunder-crash is heard more violent than any gone before. The ground rocks and splits. IRAD, who has till now remained scared but silent by his father's side, utters a cry. AHRÆEL swoops through the air towards him.

Ha! Here is one of them at last! Now, taste
The savour of my spear, which those shall chew
Who follow after thee!

[He strikes at AHRÆEL with his spear, which catches a flash of lightning on its point, and ARAN falls, a blackened carcass. AHRÆEL bears IRAD into the air. Seeing ARAN fall, those still at the base of the Tower fly in all directions, whilst those left above hurry down, and do the same. The storm begins to abate and die away.

We are bound to say in common justice that the most thorough-going lover of melodrama cannot complain of Mr. Austin for not having made a sufficiently clean sweep of the stage. On the other hand, we think people may be reasonably disappointed at not finding so much as one scene or speech about the confusion of tongues. Mr. Austin seems anxious to take credit for orthodoxy, to judge by a curious "prefatory note" on the reverse page of the *Dramatis Personæ*. We are not aware of any serious objection to his assumption "that at the date ascribed to the building of the Tower of Babel the Semitic race . . . had not . . . as yet arrived at the doctrine of the immortality of the soul even as a speculative opinion." Nor do we think any reader would trouble himself on the point were it not for Mr. Austin's request that he will be good enough to bear it in mind. But if a writer on the Tower of Babel does choose to call attention to his orthodoxy, he should be prepared to justify his omission of what has always been considered to be the main point of the received history. Happily the omission can be supplied from the works of that excellent Scotchman, Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, who took a straightforward view of his subject, and duly set forth:—"Quhow God maid the dyversitie of languagis and maid impediment to the beildaris of Babilone"; as thus:—

Sick languagis on thame he laid,
That none wyste what ane uthir said:
Quhare wes but ane language afore,
God send thame languagis three score.
Afore that time all spak Ebrew;
Then sum began for to speik Grew,
Sum Dutche, sum language Sarazyne,
And sum began to speik Latyne.
The Maister men gan to go wyld:
Cryand for treis, thay brocht thame tylde:
Sum said, Bryng mortar heir at onis,
Than brocht thay to thame stokis and stonis.
And Nembroth, thare gret campioun,
Ran rageand lyke one wyld lyoun,
Manassyng thame with wordis rude:
But never one worde thay understode.
Beholde quhow God wes so gracious
To thame, quhilk wer so outrageous:
He nother brak thare leggis nor armis,
Nor yit did thame none uthir harmis,
Except of tongis divysoun.

Or, if Sir David's Nimrod was too barbarous for Mr. Austin, he might have taken a hint from Dante's. To a poet who knows

* *The Tower of Babel: a Poetical Drama.* By Alfred Austin. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1874.

all about the "unconditioned ether" of interplanetary space, and how a spirit feels when he stands on the edge of an extinct lunar volcano, it would be a trifling task to explain and develop those mystic words uttered by Nimrod in the *Inferno*, which, notwithstanding the well-meant endeavours of commentators and Orientalists, refuse to be construed into any known language. But there is another clause to the prefatory note. We are informed that "the author has not concerned himself to eschew what are commonly called anachronisms." Accordingly it appears in the first scene that in the twenty-third century B.C. Semitic children slept in cribs furnished with pillows. The development of the art of painting at that time is illustrated by Noema's likening the sky to a "dim canvas stippled o'er with red." And, best of all, she has taken prophetic counsel with Descartes and Professor Huxley, and calls her body a "weak out-worn automaton of clay." Even the stars dabble in modern philosophy. One of them sings to Arael and Noema as they fly past in the course of the excursion already mentioned, "I am the Absolute Star." An Absolute Star can of course have nothing less than "unconditioned ether" to live in. We never heard of either before, and we hope never to hear of them again. For the rest, it is enough to say that Mr. Austin has an ample, if not always judicious, vocabulary, and a plentiful flow of rhetoric, which would doubtless be much to the purpose if the subject and design on which they are expended were either reasonable or beautiful. Some short pieces called Interludes are printed at the end of the volume. They are well enough as magazine verses, but seem hardly worth fixing in a book. There is little of good or bad to be remarked in them, except one intolerable false rhyme.

MANUALS OF CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.*

OF manuals some come alone and some by battalions. Mr. Smith's book belongs to the latter class, Mr. Fulton's to the former. Mr. Smith's is one of a series—yet again a series of Historical Handbooks—a series most of them by authors who are as yet unknown, but who have had the good luck to secure Mr. Jebb as one of their fellow-workers. Mr. Fulton stands all by himself, without any colleagues. In this case we greatly prefer the member of the battalion to the one who stands all by himself. In comparing the two books, it is wonderful to see how much the state of knowledge has been changed during a single year. Mr. Smith has, we think, made the best of his opportunities, as they stood in September 1873; Mr. Fulton has not made the best of his opportunities, as they stood in December 1874. The difference between the two points of time is that Professor Stubbs's *Constitutional History* had not appeared at the earlier date, and that it had appeared at the later date. Mr. Smith therefore, who seems to have worked up the very earliest history with praiseworthy care, breaks down somewhat when he comes to the times just after the Conquest, where Mr. Stubbs was specially needed to help him. Mr. Fulton, on the other hand, had the light before him, but he seems to have shut his eyes to it. He tells us in his preface in a kind of jaunty way that

the field of Constitutional History is a *terra incognita* to the great mass of the public, and the reason is not far to find.

A very general feeling exists that Hallam is a very hard book, and it must be confessed that it is not the lightest possible reading; but if Hallam is hard Professor Stubbs is ten thousand times harder, and without a general acquaintance with the subject it is difficult to follow either author.

We think we can understand Mr. Fulton's feeling. If by "hard" he means that the books he speaks of need some exercise of thought to master them, the charge is quite true; neither Hallam nor Stubbs can be read as one reads a novel; and we can further understand that for a mere lawyer, brought up in a mere lawyer's way of looking at early history, they may appear specially hard. Mr. Stubbs is not a lawyer at all; Mr. Hallam was a lawyer who had in a wonderful way set himself free from a lawyer's prejudices. The later part of his *History* is as valuable now as it ever was. The earlier is now antiquated, but it is not the less a memorable witness to its author's love of truth and boldness of thought. As the works of both authors are written from the point of view of fact and not of theory, they naturally contain many things which to a mere lawyer are strange and novel, and which to him seem hard to be understood. And Mr. Stubbs, because he writes with so much additional light, will for that very reason seem darker than Mr. Hallam. The case of the mere lawyer is very like that of the ordinary teacher; through the whole early history he has been elaborately taught wrong; he is therefore in a much worse case than a man who has not been taught at all. Before he can learn anything, he must unlearn everything, and this double process of unlearning and learning is naturally much harder than the simple process of learning. We do not say that the works of either of the great writers of whom Mr. Fulton speaks are easy. If, as it would seem, he looks for a Constitutional History which shall be "the lightest possible reading," we certainly cannot guide him to one; but we believe that correct and scientific views of early English history and early English law are found, if not by the "great mass of the public," yet by a large part of it,

by all who have not as yet been taught wrong, to be not nearly so hard as they seem to Mr. Fulton. As for Mr. Fulton himself, he is still in the state in which one book and one statement of facts seem much the same as another. He is much given to the grievous fashion of working long extracts from other books into his own text, in a way which suggests the uncharitable notion that they are put there chiefly to show that Mr. Fulton has read the books. The extracts are from all kinds of books, and from books of every variety of value. Sometimes we get down as low as "Hume remarks." Allen is brought in to be patted on the back; it is something to know that, in Mr. Fulton's opinion, the nature of folkland and bookland has been "perspicuously illustrated by him." Mr. Fulton does know that the Witan elected the King, though the word Witenagemot is too hard for him to spell. But the discovery of this truth is made the occasion for an extract from Hallam in refutation of Carte. How far Mr. Fulton is fit to deal with legal history may be seen from the following sentence:—

The institution of trial by jury has been attributed to Alfred the Great; and though there is no evidence of a reliable character in support of this view, it is clearly traceable to Saxon times.

One is ashamed of having to explain for the ten thousandth time that the germs of trial by jury are as old as the Teutonic race, or rather as the Aryan family; but that the thing itself is not to be found till ages after the time of Alfred. Yet here we have a learned gentleman from the Middle Temple who in December 1874 gives to the world such childish talk as this. It is to no purpose that Mr. Fulton goes on to talk about compurgators and recognitors, and so to trace out the history of the institution down to our own times. The summary from which he starts is not the less muddle-headed, and compurgation is only one out of several forms of the general principle out of which in the end trial by jury grew. Mr. Fulton's account is after all confused and imperfect. If he was in search after a Constitutional History which should be "the lightest possible reading," it would have been better to stick to the old legend of Alfred itself, which is at least part of a pretty story.

Mr. Smith, writing a year before Mr. Fulton, had mastered the fact that Englishmen are Englishmen. Mr. Fulton has not gone beyond the old vague kind of talk about Saxons, and he gives the following curious recipe for making an Englishman, for which Blackstone is not quoted, but which sounds to us as an echo of some of the weakest parts of the *Commentaries*:—

Not a little of our national character is due to the fact of our being an essentially composite nation, and four elements have combined to make up the great whole. First, the Roman and Celtic element, but this only in a small degree; secondly, the Saxon element, which largely predominates; thirdly, the Danish element, like the Roman and Celtic, to a very small extent; and, lastly, the Norman, which, together with the Saxon, practically makes up the English nation.

Then we are told, with a noble contempt of physical geography, of "the defeat of Harold on the plains of Hastings"; and with a contempt of chronology no less noble we are told that "never was there a conquest more rapid and complete than that effected by William the Norman in 1066." Mr. Fulton is clearly in a state in which the reading even of Mr. Kingsley's *Hereward* would do him good. Then comes an extract from Hallam, containing a picture which was not wonderful in days when men believed in the false Ingulf, but which seems strangely out of date in 1875. We next get some of the usual talk about the feudal system, and then we are told that "the reign of the Second William is in no way remarkable constitutionally, nor indeed in any other respect save for that strange outburst of religious fanaticism which culminated in the first crusade." Mr. Fulton's notions of general history seem a little odd, but if he had girded himself up for the hard task of mastering Professor Stubbs, he might have found out that this in no way remarkable reign was exactly the time when the whole theory of the feudal incidents was worked into shape by the wicked ingenuity of Randolph Flambard. As a specimen of the deep research of Mr. Fulton, we read in p. 30:—"Reeves tells us that Vacarius, an Italian lawyer, came to England towards the end of Stephen's reign, and began to read lectures at Oxford on the Canon and Civil law." Scholars would be likely to go for that fact, not to Reeves, but to Gervase, Robert de Monte, or John of Salisbury.

In the later times, of course, when the professional lore of the lawyer, if a man has it, is no longer a hindrance, but a help, Mr. Fulton is not quite so much at sea as he is in the earlier stages of our history. But there are some strange things here too. We cannot find that Mr. Fulton anywhere brings out the importance of the great constitutional landmarks of our history; the depositions of Edward the Second and Richard the Second; the settlement of the Crown under Henry the Sixth; the Convention Parliament which recalled Charles the Second, and the Convention Parliament which elected William and Mary. Those of them which are mentioned at all are slurred over without any feeling of their importance. This is perhaps not wonderful, for all these events are like detached pieces of our ancient history going on in later times. They are therefore puzzling to a modern lawyer, though all, save one, would have seemed quite regular and natural to a man of the eleventh century. When Mr. Fulton reaches 1689, he makes a long puzzle-headed quotation from Blackstone, who fancied that the Crown had never been vacant before the deposition of James the Second; and he himself adds, what he certainly did not find in Blackstone, that the Bill of Rights "declares Ecclesiastical Courts illegal." What Mr. Fulton means is of course the clause aimed at James the Second's Ecclesiastical Commission—"That the Commission for

* *History of the English Institutions*. By Philip Vernon Smith, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1873.

A *Manual of Constitutional History*, founded on the Works of Hallam, Creasy, May, and Broom; containing the Fundamental Principles and the Leading Cases in Constitutional Law. By Forrest Fulton, LL.B., B.A. London: Butterworths. 1875.

erecting the late Court of Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, and all other Commissions and Courts of like nature, are illegal and pernicious." But that is quite another thing from saying that all Ecclesiastical Courts are illegal. If Mr. Fulton, in the exercise of his profession, should ever be called on to appear in any suit before the Dean of Arches, he ought, to be consistent, to refuse the illegal invitation. Altogether Mr. Fulton is not very lucky, either in his beginning or his ending. When he leaves the earliest parts of English history for the latest he may be said, to adopt a metaphor and a spelling of his own, involving, to be sure, a slight confusion between the Homeric monster and the perpetual Dictator, "only to escape the rock of *Sylla* to fall into the whirlpool of Charybdis."

It is a wonderful relief to go back from Mr. Fulton to Mr. Smith. Mr. Fulton doubtless thinks that he has solved the problem of producing a Constitutional History which shall be the "lightest possible reading," and in one sense he has succeeded. Mr. Smith is less jaunty than Mr. Fulton. His book is not in the same way crowded with quotations from other people, but it is far more solid. We have sometimes had a little difficulty in following Mr. Smith's arrangement, but both the earlier and later parts are done with great care. In the one period where he trips a little he is doubtless now quite ready to correct himself by the light which has appeared since he wrote. Mr. Smith has not allowed himself to be carried away by the prejudices of his profession. He gives us English constitutional history as it really was, not as, according to lawyers' theories, it ought to have been. His chapter on the "King" is a wonderful and honourable contrast to Mr. Fulton's slipshod way of writing. But we certainly wonder that he does not at once cast away the grotesque notion, though it is as old as Sir Thomas Smith, that the word "King" has something to do with "canning" or "cunning." The only place where we have noticed the least falling aside into the mere lawyer's notion is when he speaks of the two Convention Parliaments, and adds, what in a certain sense is perfectly true:—

In the case of the conventions of Lords and Commons, which met at the Restoration and Revolution, some of the strict parliamentary forms were wanting. For the peers had never received the royal summons, and the whole body had met without royal authority. It was therefore deemed necessary on both occasions that the assembly should pass an Act, declaring itself to be a Parliament (12 Cha. 2, c. 1; 1 Will. & Mar., c. 1). This, of course, could not, from a strictly legal point of view, remedy the defect; nor on the later occasion was the blot entirely removed by the fact that the succeeding Parliament, convened by the authority of the sovereigns who owed their title to the Convention of 1688, solemnly ratified the Acts which the latter had passed (2 Will. & Mar., c. 1).

The real point of all this is that these two Parliaments were a little afraid of themselves. It is certainly true that a body which was not a Parliament could not make itself a Parliament by declaring itself so. Just as the Convention, in the act of deposing James, shrank from saying that it deposed him, so it shrank from saying that an assembly of the Lords and Commons of England was a perfectly good Parliament, whether any King had summoned it or not. A more thorough knowledge of our earliest history would have taken away any such scruples. They declared in act that Parliament does not derive its being from the King, but that the King derives his being from Parliament; but they feared to put their own act into words which, if they had known how strictly they were following the wisdom of their forefathers, they would not have feared. We need not say that Mr. Smith does not fancy, like Mr. Fulton, that Ecclesiastical Courts were declared illegal by the last Convention Parliament.

TOURGUËNEFF'S RECENT WORKS.*

WE cordially welcome the appearance at New York of a long series of translations from Tourguëneff's works. By all who anxiously watch the feeble health of American literature it may be accepted as a favourable symptom, pointing towards a return of healthy appetite, an accession of firmer tone. A nation which can appreciate and enjoy the consummate skill, the genuine feeling, displayed in such masterpieces as *Fathers and Sons*, *Smoke*, *Liza*, and the rest of Tourguëneff's stories published by Messrs. Holt and Williams in their "Leisure Hour Series," cannot long endure the sickly sentiment and the false art which seem of late years to have commanded a high price in the American literary markets.

The three novels which we have named are well known in this country, as also are, though in a minor degree, two of the other tales included in the New York Series, *On the Eve*, and *Dimitri Roudine*. It is to be hoped, however, that at least some of them are known to English readers by means of their French or German versions, for but scant justice has been done to most of them by their English renderings. Few writers have suffered so cruelly at the hands of their translators as Mr. Tourguëneff, few men of genius have had such ample reason for exclaiming "*Traduttori—traditori!*" We are glad to see that the parody on *Smoke* which was published here some time ago has not been re-published in the States; but the London version of *On the Eve* has reappeared in New York—revised, it is true, so far as its language is concerned, but not purged of its innu-

merable offences against the author of the Russian original. Let us quote as an example one of its sins, worthy to rank among the great crimes of which translators have shown themselves capable. In a scene described with the delicacy and grace by which his writings are invariably characterized, Mr. Tourguëneff has shown us the first blossoming of love within a young girl's heart. After a sleepless night, when the first rays of the sunlight pour into her room, she suddenly exclaims, "Oh, if he only loves me!" and then, in the very face of day, she opens her arms with a gesture of embrace. The words in which the movement is described are, it is true, hard to translate in a satisfactory manner. The German version, however, gives their exact meaning:—"Und ohne Scheu vor dem sich über sie ergiessenden Lichte breitete sie ihre Arme aus." But the English translator, confusing, in all probability, the Russian word for embrace, *obyatie*, with that for clothing, *odéyanie*, describes the maiden's gesture as follows:—"Unabashed by the light that shone in upon her, she threw off the clothes." Such a translation as this would almost justify an action for libel.

The most recent volume of the New York Series contains two tales which are probably less known to English readers than those already mentioned. The one, *A Lear of the Steppe*, narrates the sorrows of a Russian father who loved his daughters well but not wisely, and was abandoned by them after he had divided his substance among them. So far, the story is neither original nor unusual, but exactly the opposite must be said of the manner in which it is worked out. So novel to English readers is the kind of life with which it deals, that its various episodes form a series of surprises. From the first chapter to the last we see before us actors and scenery different from anything to which the West of Europe is accustomed. But the other tale, *Spring Floods*, deals entirely with well-known scenes, while neither its heroine, nor the persons with whom she is most closely connected, are of an unfamiliar nationality. The hero, it is true, is a Russian, and his conduct is marked by truly Slavonic impetuosity, indecision, and fickleness. And the irresistibly attractive married woman by whom he is carried away from his charming young Italian betrothed is Russian, though not of a common Russian type. So bad is she, unfortunately, that her existence goes far towards destroying the favourable impression left on the mind by the earlier chapters of the tale, in which is described, with all the author's magic power, the pleasant little back parlour in Frankfort in which the hero passes so many enchanted hours with Gemma—that "young impulsive girl, so good, sensible, pure, and ineffably beautiful, with her dark, deep, shadowy, and yet luminous eyes"—with her kindly mother, Frau Lenore, her sensitive brother Emile, their servant friend the ex-singer Pantaleone, the dog Tartaglia, and an anonymous cat. Of dogs, it may be observed, more individual portraits occur in Tourguëneff's works than in those of almost any other novelist. In two of his stories indeed, *Moomoo* and *Sobaka*, it may be said that a dog is, if not the central figure, at all events the pivot on which the whole machinery of the plot revolves.

We now turn to the second of the volumes before us, a Russian one, comprising two stories and the record of an occurrence which took place at Paris during the Revolution of 1848. Of these stories, as they have not yet been rendered familiar by translations, some brief account may prove acceptable. Both of them contain careful studies of character, portraits evidently drawn from the life. But in each the hand of a great artist is easily to be traced, more especially in the second. The hero of the first belongs to a class not often represented in romance. Paramon Semenovitch Baburin (the nomenclature of the story is most exasperating) is a *méshchanin* or Russian *bourgeois*, who first appears on the scene as an assistant in the steward's office of an imperious country gentlewoman. That he is poor is not wonderful, but what is remarkable is that, in spite of his poverty, he manages to support, or at least to shelter, a feeble-minded, but trusty and affectionate follower, Nicander Vavilyeh Punin. Strange also is it that he objects on principle to the administration of corporal punishment to the peasants, and that in dealing with all men, even with his employer's family, he displays such self-respect and dignity as were in old days unusual among his fellows. Before long he ventures to step between the despotic proprietress and one of her serfs, a young man in feeble health on whom she has passed a sentence of banishment because he did not work energetically enough to please her. She listens to his expostulation, and then gives him his dismissal. Seven years pass by, and we find him working as a clerk in Moscow, still supporting his devoted Punin, and as addicted as ever to ideas of independence and rectitude. With the two inseparable companions lives also a young girl, rejoicing in the name of Musa, whom Baburin, having saved her from starvation when an outcast orphan, has brought up and educated. She develops into a blooming and attractive maiden, and Baburin proposes to make her his wife. But she, though full of gratitude and respect, shudders at the idea of loving her stern guardian. Temptation falls in her way, and she flies from his house. Again years pass by, and then we see Baburin conducting to the grave the remains of his friend Punin. But he is not left alone, for Musa is now his devoted wife. Long did he seek her sorrowing; at last he found her again deserted, in a position still more desperate than that from which he saved her when a child. And a second time he saved her, and from that moment she became attached to him by ties which never loosened their hold. Sharing all his hopes and beliefs, she takes part with him in the dangerous alliance into which he enters with the young and ardent sighers after reform in 1849. He is sent to Siberia, and she accompanies him thither, lives with him there

* *Ivan Tourguëneff's Spring Floods*. Translated from the Russian by Mrs. Sophie Michell Butts. *A Lear of the Steppe*. Translated from the French by William Hand Browne. New York: Holt & Co. 1874.

Tri Novyia Povesti J. Tourguëneff. [Three new Tales by Tourguëneff, in Russian.] Berlin: B. Behr. 1874.

during his term of exile, and remains there with him when he elects to stay as a free man in his Siberian home. At length arrives the 19th of February [O.S.], 1861. The happy news of the Emancipation reaches Baburin in his distant abode, and that stoical republican for the first time gives way to a burst of feeling. His voice wavers, tears stream from his eyes, and at last he exclaims, "Hurrah! O God, preserve the Tsar!" Then, summoning his friends to hear the joyful news, he gazes wistfully on the ground, and calls to his faithful companion of former days, "Nicander, hearest thou? No longer are there slaves in Russia. Even in thy grave do thou rejoice, old comrade!" A few days later he dies from the effects of a chill contracted while hastening bareheaded to spread the glad tidings of the Emancipation.

The second of the stories was intended, at the time when it was written, to form part of the *Notes of a Sportsman*, which gained for Mr. Tourgueneff, rather more than a quarter of a century ago, a great literary reputation, and the grave displeasure of the police. Since that time it has remained in his portfolio; but this year it was extracted, and printed in an album published for the benefit of the famine-stricken peasantry of Eastern Russia. It is a very simple story of suffering and of resignation; but it is told with such true feeling, and at the same time with such dramatic skill, that it leaves a most vivid impression upon the minds of its readers. The narrator describes how, in one of his expeditions in search of game, he spent the night in a small and secluded country house belonging to his mother, and wandered out next morning into its neglected garden. There, in a little wattled hut intended for the shelter of beehives in winter, he finds an invalid stretched upon a primitive kind of couch. In her, to his surprise, he recognizes a certain Loukeria, formerly one of his mother's maids, the handsomest, brightest, and merriest of all the household train. She tells him how, some years before, she met with an accident which rendered her a cripple for life, deprived of all power of moving from her couch. What rendered the blow still more severe was that it came upon her just when she was about to be married, and her betrothed, though very sorry for her, naturally married some one else. In spite of all her troubles, however, she never murmurs or complains, bearing her lot with resignation, almost with cheerfulness, and fully deserving the high character which she bears among the neighbouring peasants, who have given her the name of the "Living Relics." So far the story belongs to a class with which we have long been rendered familiar by the literature of tracts, but the details are all novel, and the style in which the simple tale is told is that of a consummate artist.

By way of a specimen we may quote a part of the account given by Loukeria of the visions which sometimes transport her from the dull reality of her everyday life into a region in which she is no longer a bedridden cripple. Many a solace, she says, she finds during her waking hours. To all sights and sounds she is alive. Although she cannot move she can look and listen. "The bees hum about the hives, a pigeon lights upon the roof and cooes, a hen comes with her chickens to pick up the crumbs, sometimes a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly." One spring a pair of swallows made their nest in a corner of the hut and reared a brood, and once a hare ran in and sat by her couch, staring at her composedly, and "twitching its nose and moustaches, just like an officer." In the winter the dark hours are very long, but even then "there is always something to listen to. A cricket chirps, or a mouse begins to gnaw, and so one gets on well enough." Besides she is not always left alone. "The village girls come in at times and gossip; pilgrim women turn in on their wanderings, and tell stories about Jerusalem, and Kiev, and the Holy Cities." Solitude, however, is not irksome to her, for at times, she says, when she lies in the hut all alone, feeling exactly as if she were the only being left alive in the whole world, it seems to her as if a shadow fell upon her from on high, and she becomes rapt in meditation. Its nature she cannot explain, for when it has passed away she has but a vague recollection of it, only she says to herself, "If there had been any one here nothing of the sort would have happened, and I should have been conscious of nothing—except my infirmity." But it is in dreamland that she finds her chief solace. Sleep often keeps aloof from her, but when it comes it sometimes brings with it visions, which she almost believes to be revelations from on high, though the priest tells her that revelations are vouchsafed only to "ecclesiastical personages." In one of these dreams, for instance, she seems to be standing in a cornfield, surrounded on every side by tall, ripe rye, gleaming like so much gold; and by her side is a dog of a ruddy colour, which is always snapping at her. She is awaiting the approach of Vassily her betrothed, and meantime she begins to make herself a wreath of the cornflowers which grow around in clusters. "Presently along the surface of the corn there came swiftly floating, not Vassily, but Christ himself! And how I knew that it was Christ I cannot tell. He was not as we see him in church pictures, but still it was he. Tall, youthful, beardless, clad all in white, with a girdle of gold. And he stretched out his hand to me and said, 'Be not afraid, my chosen spouse, but follow me.' And I, how closely did I cling to his hand! The dog was following at my heels, but just then we rose in the air. He was in front, his wings, long wings like those of a seagull, spreading over all the heavens, and I floated after him. And so the dog had to stay behind. Then for the first time I understood that the dog was my sinner, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was now no place for it."

Perhaps the most striking of her visions is this:—She seems to be sitting by the roadside, under a willow-tree,

dressed in a pilgrim's garb. "Before me pilgrims kept constantly pressing. Slowly did they move, as though unwillingly, and all in one direction; the faces of all of them were sad, and they all closely resembled one another. And I saw that among them there kept darting to and fro a female form, a whole head taller than the rest, and her dress was strange, unlike ours, not a Russian dress. And her face also was strange, a meagre face and stern. And from her all the others seemed to keep aloof, but suddenly she turned round and came straight to me. Then she stopped and looked at me. Her eyes were like those of a hawk—yellow, large, and exceedingly clear. I asked her, 'Who art thou?' and she replied, 'I am thy death.' I might well have been frightened, but instead of that a great joy came over me, and I made the sign of the cross. And to me she said, that death of mine, 'I pity thee, Loukeria, but I cannot take thee with me. Farewell!' Ah, me! how sad did I become! 'Take me away,' I cried, 'take me with you, mother dear!' Then my death turned back to me, and began to speak. I knew that she was telling me of my appointed hour, but obscurely, in words hard to understand. 'After St. Peter's Fast,' she said. And then I awoke." A few weeks later St. Peter's Fast arrives, and Loukeria passes away. A sound as though of church bells, she said, rang in her ears all through the day preceding her death. It seemed to come from "above," she explained, not venturing, observes the narrator, to say it came "from heaven."

OLYMPIA.*

THE leading idea of Mr. Francillon's book has one great merit—that of novelty. That it should have some touch of extravagance and unlikelihood ought not perhaps to be set against this merit. There is no difficulty so great as that of being at the same time original and perfectly natural. The author has sometimes come near to making his readers believe in what is a singularly improbable set of circumstances, but he has not come near enough to this result. One is tempted to think that this is not altogether his own fault. *Olympia*, like many other novels, suffers much from being in three volumes. The senseless custom against which protests are continually made in vain, which lays every fiction upon a bed of Procrustes and clips or stretches it to a regulation length, has done more harm than one would expect from a mere stupid habit. It is unfortunate that the English, who copy many foolish fashions from the French, have not thought fit to adopt the very sensible one followed by French writers and publishers. Could Mr. Francillon's ideas have been compressed into one such volume as Gustave Droz's *Autour d'une Source*, instead of being extended into three such as he has given us, the merit of his work must have been much enhanced. As it is, the early part of his production gives a promise which is belied by what follows.

We have instanced Gustave Droz's book, because in *Olympia*, as in that finished and artistic fiction, the interest centres in the development of one or two peculiar characters. The English book is indeed filled with a crowd of minor personages, but these could for the most part have been advantageously omitted. The novel opens with the discharge from gaol at Melmouth of an elderly convict, whose manners, thoughts, and language are so inconsistent with his position that the reader immediately conceives him to be "no convict, but a Knight-Templar in disguise." In his journey from Melmouth to Gressford St. Mary he makes an attempt to obtain first labour and then food, and on both occasions is unsuccessful. On both occasions, moreover, he begs to know who is the landlord of the people who scornfully refuse him what he asks. Oddly enough, instead of railing at his impertinence and sending him away unanswered, the farmer who denies him work and the baker's wife who refuses him the alms of a roll both reply that their landlord is the Earl of Wendale. Mr. Francillon, who has elsewhere shown that he can depict the manners and customs of such people accurately enough, might well have spared this sacrifice of probability to a trick which throws a light upon the secret of the convict's life somewhat too soon. The repetition of the question and answer reminds one of the servant in Scribe's vaudeville who continually announces that he will get drunk on the day of his young mistress's wedding. After this intention has been expressed once or twice the spectator begins to see that it must have some influence on the plot. So the convict's question strikes one as being very much out of place the first time that he asks it; the second time one is led to believe that there must be some very special reason for its being repeated. It is not difficult to conjecture what that reason is likely to be. Having failed to obtain the alms which he asks for, the man finally receives an unasked gift from a fairy-like child whom he encounters in the village in company with a dancing bear and a vagabond Frenchman. This he spends at the village inn, where, discovering that the signboard is much out of repair, he offers to paint a new one for a moderate reward. He acquits himself of his task well and quickly, but while he is engaged in it a passer-by seeing him recognizes him as a gaol-bird, and warns the landlord against him. Accordingly, when he demands his due, not only is payment refused, but he is on the point of being roughly handled by the villagers, when the young Lord Wendale rides up opportunely and interposes. He looks at the convict's picture, recognizes in it the hand of a master, listens to his statement, is

* *Olympia: a Romance.* By R. E. Francillon. 3 vols. London: Grant & Co. 1874.

charmed by the quaint humour of his talk and the good breeding of his manner, and finally gives him a sovereign, and an order to visit him at Beckfield Park the next day. In his way to Beckfield that evening he finds the little girl who gave him charity in the morning asleep by the roadside, resting her head on Oscar the bear. He drops the sovereign into her hand, and passes on. The author has made a curious slip in connexion with this incident. Years later, at a critical moment in the life of the convict, who has become a celebrated painter under the assumed name of Forsyth, this very girl recognizes him, and rushes at him with an exclamation of "Mon dieu! c'est lui; it is he to whom I gave some pennies, and who gave me gold!" As she was asleep when the gift of the gold took place, and the reader does not learn that any one besides Oscar was present on the occasion, he is forced to conclude that she was informed of the circumstance when she woke by the bear. In this, the first chapter of *Olympia*, there is a good deal of humour, and of clever perception and description. Considerable interest is excited by the strange convict, whom the reader is likely to set down as wrongly convicted. This interest the author does his very best to destroy by taking no kind of notice of this character until several chapters have elapsed. These are occupied by the history, needlessly detailed, of the Westwood family, who inhabit a house known as "The Laurels" at Gressford St. Mary. The indolent, good-natured Captain Westwood is not an ill-drawn character, but it is difficult to believe that he would have married so vulgar and ill-tempered a woman as his wife, in spite of the plausible explanation given by the author. "He married her and her twelve hundred a year just as he had mounted Mr. Corbet's high stool—there was she and there was he." Before the Westwoods settled at Gressford St. Mary there had come to them a waif and stray of humanity in the person of Olympia, whom the Captain announces to be the orphan daughter of his scapegrace brother Charley. It is evident, however, from the first that there is some mystery connected with her, as well as with the felon in the first chapter. There is a good deal of fun in the child's first conversation with the exceptionally proper Mrs. Westwood, who is, as indeed less proper people might be, entirely bewildered by a child of six who in a strong brogue gives an artless account of the things which she has seen in her past life, among which are counted free fights with revolvers and battles with Indians in America. "And I've seen a man lynched—Aunt Carhline—will you?" she asks, and goes on to state how she had "a par'nt o' her own wonst what could say 'Damn' and 'Kiss Polly,'" and use yet worse language.

Olympia's conversation is modified by education as she grows up in the prim atmosphere of "The Laurels"; but her nature remains untamed, and the first reappearance of the former convict, now Forsyth the painter, patronized by Lord Wendale and admired by all men of taste, is made just in time to save her from the consequences of a scrape into which she has got by losing her little cousin Gerald in the woods. Although the landlord of the village inn for whom Forsyth originally painted a new sign had passed away before this time, yet it seems a little strange that no tradition of the painter's history should remain in the village, that in spite of his intimate connexion with Lord Wendale he should only be known as "that Lon'on chap," and that the very farmer who recognized him before as a discharged convict should fail to do so again. In the talk of the farmers who are assembled round the fire before Forsyth's appearance among them there are some happy touches:—

"Talkin' o' hay," said a voice from the smoke across the room, "talkin' o' hay, one man's meat be another man's pis'n. Strikes I, there be some't in this here come-down. 'Twarn't for nowt as 'twere as fine as a needle till Mr. Fletcher's burying. 'Taint likely as a old chap 'ld go off as lived in Gressford nigh on four score year, and no notice took extra."

After this the story goes back several years, and narrates the adventures in America of a certain Lord Calmont, who but for his sudden disappearance and supposed death would have become in due time Earl of Wendale and reigned at Gressford St. Mary. As this young man took the name of Francis, and as Francis is the name borne by Forsyth the painter when he was a felon, it is easy to conclude that the lost Earl of Wendale has been found again in the person of the mysterious convict. There is some ingenuity in the notion of a man being imprisoned for forgery when, in fact, he had in a moment of forgetfulness signed his own name. The situation of an uncle living on the patronage of a nephew who is in the possession of the estates and titles which rightly belong to the uncle is also novel. But the improbability of the circumstances is not sufficiently concealed. Lord Calmont is represented as having led a wandering, reckless life, embittered by the perfidy of the woman whom he had loved while he was in America. When he returned to England he found himself accounted dead, and, for no other reason than a wish not to disturb the happiness of a brother whom he had not seen for years, resolved to conceal his identity. Such a life as he had led seems the very worst training for such an action as this. Such a man as the young Lord Calmont had been can hardly be imagined as developing into such a man as Francis the supposed forger, or Forsyth the painter. This inconsistency of character is not concealed by the author. We are told that he passed much of his heavy-laden time after his return in gambling; for, as the author quaintly observes, "even the most heartbroken must pass the time. The pieces of a broken heart have always been admirably fit to make dice of, when they are fit for nothing else in the world." It was to pay a gambling debt that the Earl of

Wendale was foolish enough in a drunken moment to sign his old name of Calmont, then borne by his nephew, to a cheque. One would have supposed that a chance acquaintance of the gambling-table would have thought twice before accepting a cheque in payment of a debt. That the person to whom the cheque was given was no more than a chance acquaintance is evident from the fact that the signature did not appear to him inconsistent with the character of the man who gave it. Mr. Francillon avoids the encounter of such difficulties as these by the simple means of silence. The situation is no doubt a tiresome one. The effect desired is that a man carefully concealing his identity should be convicted of forgery for signing a name which once belonged to him. The author has gone straight to this effect without sufficiently considering the means by which it should be produced. It is not a bad plan to leave something to the reader's imagination in a fiction. It is a very bad plan to make him do the most tiresome part of the author's work. The inconsistency of Forsyth's character of which we have spoken is brought out strongly in the account of the reasons for which he preferred being condemned as a convict to asserting his identity as Lord Wendale:—

He was still gentleman enough not to betray his trust, though self-imposed, to save his own paltry reputation. It mattered nothing what became of a man with no friends. But to come forward and say "I am Lord Wendale, who proclaim that I have been leading the life of a blackguard, and who now destroy the moral rights of others acknowledged by myself for years in order to save myself from getting my deserts"—the thing was not to be done.

In the first place, however, the fact that he had been leading the life of a blackguard would militate strongly against his making so extraordinary a sacrifice as he did. In the second place, conviction as a forger can hardly be termed the "deserts" of time wasted in gambling.

As time goes on Forsyth's position becomes more and more difficult. Complications of all kinds arise in Gressford St. Mary. He recognizes Olympia as the daughter of the faithless Olympia whom he had loved years ago in America; and by slow degrees grows to love her as he had formerly loved her mother—an incident about which there is something singularly unpleasant. Lord Wendale also falls in love with her, much to Mrs. Westwood's disgust, proposes to her, and is refused. Her cousin Gerald has returned from service in the navy, and, finding her flouted and ill-treated by the whole Westwood family, has proposed to her in a moment of impetuosity and been accepted. This should surely have been the signal for Captain Westwood's revelation that Olympia is his own daughter. Wanting the courage to make this revelation, he resolves to send her away. Gerald however cuts the knot by going away himself, and starting off to London to make his fortune. After his departure, Mrs. Westwood discovers that Olympia is an heiress, and is as anxious for a match between her and Gerald as she was previously opposed to it. Gerald is therefore recalled, but has meanwhile fallen in love with some one else in London, never having really loved Olympia at all. From this point the story becomes even more rambling and improbable than it was before. Olympia, mistaking the motives of Gerald's return, makes a sudden flight to London disguised as a young man, in company with an old protector of her childhood in America, who opportunely proposes to take her away from "The Laurels." She finds a lodging in the same house with the girl whom Gerald loves, the same girl who appeared in company with a bear in the early part of the novel. Having studied painting for no very long time under Forsyth at Gressford St. Mary, she takes it up as a profession in London, and paints the most successful picture of the year. Meanwhile the secret of Forsyth's identity is gradually leaking out. In dealing with this the author has managed to spoil another of his characters, in a more patent way than he has spoiled that of Forsyth himself. It is quite incredible that such a man as Lord Wendale, who is, until the third volume, represented as a gentleman, with no worse faults than those of indolence and vanity, should become suddenly most base, and resort to the meanest possible devices in order to keep his title and his estates. Nor is it to be believed that he would behave as he is said to have done in his duel with Gerald Westwood. In one passage of *Olympia* the author speaks of "the Fates, to whom even the most stubborn storyteller must bow when once his children have taken to act and think for themselves, and to move independently of his wish and will." It is sad to think of the responsibilities which, if this is so, the Fates daily incur. One cannot but regret that the author of *Olympia* has allowed his children to act and think for themselves in such an improbable manner. The duel between the Earl of Wendale and Gerald Westwood is not the least absurd among many absurd incidents which disfigure the latter part of the book. It serves as an occasion, however, for a clever remark from the author:—"The fashion (of duelling) was even then dying out, and was yielding to a public opinion which holds that human life is so inestimably sacred as to be privileged from all but the most scientific and wholesale destruction." Mr. Francillon displays on many occasions a talent for the happy expression of ideas. His style is for the most part good; and there are many merits to be discovered in his descriptions and characters. In order to discover them, however, it is necessary to follow him in a ramble through a good deal of rubbish.

SEGUIN ON LACE.*

IT is amusing to remark what a number of different things exist about which children will make the same inquiry, "Are they real?" When you answer the oft-repeated question to the best of your ability, they proceed to cross-examination as to how you arrived at your conclusion. It is sometimes not a little difficult to explain the process. A child sees no difference between a gold locket and a gilt one, a necklace of Roman pearls and one worth a thousand pounds, an old Worcester willow-pattern plate and one made by Minton last week. Had some of the Nottingham lace at the International Exhibition been labelled "Malines" or "Valenciennes," an uneducated eye would not have perceived the mistake. A larger and more admiring crowd was always assembled before the case of Messrs. Howell and James, with its modern Alençon, than before the carefully arranged collections of ancient work exhibited by Mrs. Hailstone, although some of her specimens were unique. In lace, as in so many other works of art, the quality which entitles it to the designation "real" is human intelligence working through human fingers. The slight irregularities inseparable from handwork are happily necessary to its beauty, and the more ingenuity and invention displayed in varying the pattern, so much the more ought the work to be valued. The French can get wools as fine and dye them as delicately as the dwellers in the Vale of Cashmere; but the scarfs they make are not "real"; they are woven by machinery, they are smooth and lifeless. There is something in the hand-wrought shawl which no loom can give; an indescribable light and shade, a blending of colours, and a certain elasticity, only to be attained by human fingers. A musical-box may be a marvel of mechanism and may play in faultless time and tune; but it will always lack that something which a true musician can coax from his instrument—that soul of sound which he mingles with the chords he strikes. A chromo-lithograph may be rich in colour and well executed, but it is not a "real" picture. A panel of tapestry woven at Aubusson may be a splendid imitation of a magnificent picture, but all its glory pales beside a piece of tent-stitch tapestry, be it ever so old and faded. A vessel of blown glass full of faults, and perhaps a little crooked, is really more artistic than an elaborate centre-piece turned out of a mould. Sewing-machines are very useful, but when will they hem a pocket-handkerchief or sew on a ruffle like our great-grandmothers? Damask looms are no doubt clever inventions, but the hand-spun, home-made napkins of two hundred years ago are more beautiful than anything that a damask loom can produce.

In France, three centuries ago, lace was as much valued as diamonds are now, and the possession of it was a mark, not only of wealth, but of high rank, for even merchant princes were not allowed to make use of it. Many a young man in those days ruined himself for the sake of outshining his companions in the trimming of his surtout or his boots. Henry III. did not disdain to see to the proper stiffening of his collars, and Cinq-Mars left at his death three hundred suits of lace. The nobility wished to keep the beautiful fabric for their exclusive use, and many are the edicts to be found on the subject. In 1634 it is forbidden "de mettre sur les habits des hommes au-delà de deux passements de la largeur d'un doigt seulement, et qui ne pourront être appliqués qu'à l'entour du collet, et au bas de leurs manteaux, sur le long et canon de leurs chausses, coutures des manches, au milieu du dos, le long des boutons et boutonnières, et aux extrémités des basques des pourpoints." In 1640 the Parliament of Toulouse issued an order forbidding the wearing of lace, because so many women were employed in its manufacture that no female servants were to be had in the town, and moreover it was becoming impossible to distinguish between the nobles and the common people. M. Seguin quotes several epigrams from a series composed on the same principle as the well-known Dances of Death, in which different classes express their regret as they lay aside the prohibited but much prized ornament. A young lady standing before her glass putting the finishing touches to her toilet closes the series. She says:—

Quoique j'aie assez de beauté,
Pour assésir sans vanité
Qu'il n'est point de femme plus belle,
Il semble pourtant à mes yeux,
Qu'avec l'or et la dentelle
Je m'ajuste bien mieux.

With regard to the antiquity of lace-making, M. Seguin entirely disagrees with Mrs. Bury Palliser. He considers, and apparently with very good reason, that her conclusions on the subject are entirely wrong, being based on mistaken renderings of words which she has found in old documents. M. Seguin denies that these have any reference whatever to the fabric we now call by the name of "dentelle." He ridicules her supposition that the Crusaders had anything to do with its invention in Italy, or that the Moors taught its secrets to the Spaniards. To embroidery, however, M. Seguin is willing to allow a much earlier date; he considers that such words as "Guipure," "Bisette," "Campagne" were derived from it, and became terms in lace-making. It is not improbable also that it furnished the motive for many *Point de Venise* designs, particularly those intended for furniture. Books upon lace were not long delayed after the lace itself was introduced into European Courts. *La Pompe*, published in 1557, is the oldest treatise now known on the subject. Vinciolo collected a number of beautiful patterns, and twelve editions of his book appeared between 1587 and 1623. Then came Siebmacher, who brought out a treatise in four parts,

the first in 1600 and the last in 1604. It was published at Nuremberg, and had many splendid designs, some of which have been reproduced in *L'Art pour tous*. Dürer, it is said, made some patterns for his countrywomen, and was no doubt interested in improving the manufacture of an art quite to his taste. The year 1623 seems to have been about the time when lace-making attained its highest development, both in quantity and quality. It was produced in nearly every convent in Europe, and no lady's or gentleman's costume was considered complete without its aid, whether for outside decoration or the trimming of underclothing. It was also largely used on napery and furniture. In 1704 one-fourth of the population of France between six years old and sixty are said to have been engaged directly or indirectly in this lucrative trade. Of course in this startling calculation the makers of pins, scissors, parchment, and thread are included, as well as the pedlars who then hawked it about in different countries.

M. Seguin is a true Frenchman. He thinks Paris the only place in the habitable globe where perfect taste and real originality are to be found combined. No other country is worthy of being called manufacturing. He faintly praises the work done at Honiton, and says, what is very true, that the designs given to the girls there are atrocious; that with proper patterns, proper teaching, and proper encouragement, there might be founded in Devonshire one of the most beautiful industries in the world, but that at present the sprigs are too thinly worked and the ground not good. It has lately been made in some quarters a point of charity to buy Honiton lace. This is a mistake. Real charity would be to send to the manufacturers some competent designer, and then be ready to pay ungrudgingly for good work. As it is, people of taste, even if they buy out of kindness, do not think it necessary to carry their kindness to the point of wearing what is now really an ugly and worthless lace. At one time Russia could show work that was not at all to be despised, being bold in outline and fairly well executed; but French fashions have quite extinguished this modest manufacture for the present, as Russian ladies agree with M. Seguin about the worthlessness of things not made in Paris. He is much impressed with the position of his own country in history, and boasts, among other things, that the age of Louis XIV. was the epoch of her greatest glory; that we must "go back to the times of Pericles to encounter a period which may be compared with it for its prodigious fecundity in men of genius"; that the names of the Turennes, the Condés, the Vaubans, as warriors; of Poussin, Lesueur, Lebrun, and the sculptor Girardin, in the arts; of Descartes, Pascal, Corneille, Racine, Molière, and others, in science and letters, may be cited to show how undoubtedly France had won the first rank in the civilized world; that it is easy to see how, under the able and intelligent administration of Colbert, nothing would be neglected to profit by the influence which such celebrities gave France in Europe, nor to extend that influence in everything. M. Seguin views all history through this patriotic medium, and includes in the dark ages alike the time of Augustus and that of Elizabeth; for the simple, but to him, no doubt, convincing reason, that neither Virgil nor Shakspeare was French.

The unwieldy dimensions of this book make it awkward to read, and there are many digressions like the preceding, and some very curious deductions from old documents which have nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand, and which are only wearisome to persons seeking for exact information on a branch of art to which full justice has not yet been done. The book looks very imposing, but its real importance is not commensurate with its size and weight. The amateur who imagines he can learn all about lace by reading it will be sadly disappointed. It is intended apparently for people who already know all that is known about the manufacture, and only want further information on bibliographical and historical points. While M. Seguin seems to have paid little attention to any modern authorities, only mentioning Mrs. Palliser, whom he easily refutes on several questions, he is very learned about sumptuary edicts, and has at least reached the advanced stage of knowing how little really accurate information has yet been brought to light. He takes up many pages in proving lace to be not so ancient as is generally supposed, but in several other branches of the subject his work is interesting. A great deal too much of it is taken up with turgid passages on the glory, greatness, taste, invention, industry, and ingenuity of France. The illustrations, however, leave nothing to be desired, though experts may quarrel with the names and dates affixed to some of the facsimiles. Magnificent and imposing as this book is, the history of lace has yet to be written.

BARRETT'S MANAGEMENT OF CHILDHOOD.*

THE terrible statistics of infant mortality, and the undue proportion of deaths and disease amongst children of all classes up to the age of five years, are a sufficient reason for a book like the present, which to mothers and intelligent nurses will recommend itself as much as the Letters of Dr. Conquest, which indeed are perhaps not quite so systematic. Mr. Barrett has devoted himself to the study of the diseases of childhood, and believes that there are indications by which the ailments and sufferings of infancy may be approximately traced home, in spite of the inability of the little patients to describe their feelings or sym-

* *La Dentelle*. Par Joseph Seguin. Paris: Rothschild. 1875.

* *The Management of Childhood and Infancy in Health and Disease*. By Howard Barrett, M.R.C.S., Fellow of the Chemical Society, &c. London: Routledge & Sons. 1875.

ptoms. Accordingly he has aimed at furnishing a handbook giving the results of this study, which will be available as a temporary substitute for the doctor whose coming is delayed, and may thus serve to abridge the intensely painful anxiety of parents when the minutes seem as hours by reason of the undiscovered cause of some childish sickness, as sudden as it is fierce. "Is a child," asks the author, "of smaller account than a ripened pine or a pink camellia?" If not, it is worth the mother's while to master the details of a book such as this, not with the aim of superseding the doctor, but in order, like the amateur florist or fruit-grower, to be able to follow and second with intelligence and exactness the prescriptions and practice of professional experience. Book-knowledge, we are prepared to admit, goes only a very little way, yet we all know the comfort and support of even book-learning to fall back upon in an emergency.

Mr. Barrett's book is likely to be serviceable, not only for reference in cases of sickness and disease, but as an intelligent guide for mothers in keeping their children in health. Practically the third part of the volume, which is devoted to the description and treatment of all kinds and phases of child-disease, is inferior in interest and value to those which treat of food, diet, clothing, exercise, and the intelligent ordering of the nursery and its inmates. The conscientious mother may thus be encouraged to take care of her own health, as well as to lay the foundation of healthfulness for her babe, by not deputing to a wet-nurse, or to a feeder-by-hand, that duty of suckling which is shown to develop well as many as 62 infants in 100, whereas bringing up by hand shows only a percentage of 10 well developed. Cases often occur where a mother has no choice in the matter; curious instances, indeed, are cited where an excitable or sensitive constitution utterly precludes suckling; and Mr. Barrett's advice will be found almost exhaustive as regards the order of desirableness of the next best resources. As to the foods recommended for the weaned child, we find that he sets most value on Liebig's Food for Infants, as in its composition the closest imitation of milk possible with vegetable ingredients. Revalenta Arabica is more dubiously spoken of. As to milk, the author considers asses' milk almost as good for infants as mothers' milk, and regards the preserved milks now in vogue as of dubious value for infants, by reason of the sugar put into them to preserve them. No one who has ever noticed the average nurse's mode of minimizing the frets of infancy and inducing an unbroken quietude by means less culpable than Godfrey's Cordial, Dalby's Carminative, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and the rest, will be surprised to find a strong protest in p. 41 against the plan of placing the mouthpiece of a full milk bottle in the mouth of a cotted infant, to be sucked at its own sweet will. It will suck the bottle dry, and draw in quantities of air to its certain detriment and discomfort. "The little one (like many of its elders) knows nothing of the capabilities of its own digestion, and usually takes its nourishment so rapidly that the stomach rejects the overload, and the mother concludes the milk has disagreed with it." A remedy for this contingency is to be found in the bottle with a patent stopcock, patented by Cooper in Oxford Street, the principle of which would seem to be the same as the excellent patent wine-bottler, which is warranted to fill and not to waste, or overload the bottles. All the advice concerning the feeding of children, whether strong or delicate, is dictated by common-sense views; and the caution against "odd morsels at all sorts of times," as hurtful to health, looks, temper, and morals, is worthy of scrupulous observance. So is the review—generally speaking—of the relative digestibility of animal foods, though we should think the author refines overmuch when he recommends that rabbits should be avoided, not only because they are indigestible, but because also they eat deadly nightshade and other poisonous herbs. Our experience, in a country district, of persons who feed a good deal on rabbits is by no means small, and we know that children are very fond of them. Yet we cannot call to mind a case of adult or child, within that experience, who has fallen a victim to the ready-made vegetable poison supposed to lurk in the rabbit's vitals.

The chapters on clothing and ablutions, ventilation and light, are remarkable for their soundness and lucidity. The merest novice in physiology will glean from the second chapter the importance of encouraging the normal functions of the skin and promoting the due maintenance of its moisture. The gist of the lesson is to preserve the mean between hardening and coddling, to beware of colds, to avoid over-clothing and tight clothing, and not to accept without a little reservation the belief that every child, whatever its health and constitution, is born a "water baby," inasmuch as "no child or adult ought to go into a cold bath unless they can afterwards establish a good reaction and a glow independent of any rubbing." A hint in season to the paterfamilias who is in the agonies of housebuilding may be gathered from the data for a model nursery. The day nursery and schoolroom should have at least five hundred cubic feet of air for each child, the bedroom from seven hundred to a thousand. It should face south, south-east, or south-west, and be at the top of the house, with a pleasant outlook. Its walls or papers should be sized or varnished to admit of constant washing; and on the principle "that where light is not permitted to enter, the physician will have to go," it might be well if Dr. Andrew Wynter's suggestion could be adopted, and glasshouse nurseries built, like the topmost chambers of a photographic establishment. The experiments in delaying the development of tadpoles into frogs, and in blanching asparagus, seakale, and lettuce hearts by the exclusion of light, illustrate this important question; and the vast benefit of light in hospitals in accelerating conva-

lescence is proved by the records of army surgeons' experience. Mr. Barrett quotes a remarkable case of the baneful effects of obstructing light. "A French surgeon's attention was drawn to the mutilated condition of some large mulberry trees whose boughs had overshadowed a schoolroom in which several girls with chronic diseases were educated." On his inquiring why they had been cut, "he was told that the deep shade produced by them had visibly aggravated the scrofulous disorders rife among the girls, and that a very favourable change in their condition had taken place since their exposure to the free sunshine." It is an instinct with patients to lie with their faces to the light; and we know from of old what it means when the sick at heart or in body turn their faces to the wall. Akin to the advice about the brightness of a nursery is the valuable hint in the second part of the volume about fresh air in the sick-room. Who can tell how many children's ailments originate with the neglect of sanitary precautions, of ventilation, and of cleanliness in the one and the other? There should be no gas, no cooking, no slops in the rooms where a young child lives or sleeps. A good nurse will hold it a primary duty to have everything in the nursery department fresh, clean, and sweet. To burn pastilles in the sick-room by way of cloaking the non-removal of nuisances is like locking the stable-door when the horse is stolen. An anecdote is told, in a note at p. 197, of a medical lecturer who one day thus began his discourse to his pupils:—"Gentlemen, fumigations are of the utmost importance. They make such an abominable smell that they compel you to open the window." It were to be wished that such compulsion, or some other akin to it, were in vogue in many of our nurseries, and as regards the sick-room it cannot be too generally known that, "so long as the patient is in bed, there is little or no risk of cold being caught from a partially opened window." As regards precautions against the spread of infection, too, this volume will confirm those who have read the pamphlets of Dr. Budd and others in the vigorous employment of thorough measures. We know so much in corroboration of the views propounded by Mr. Barrett as to the thorough isolation of the patient, and the vigilant surveillance of every outlet of infection, as to convince us that the fevers and infectious diseases of children might be limited within the narrowest range by a resolute parent with a staff of servants ready to obey orders faithfully and intelligently. The hindrances to such a parent, if external to himself or herself, are ignorance, indolence, conceit, and a general want of intelligence. We cannot here quote the directions which are given on this subject, but they ought to be summarized for the use of nursery and sick-room, and mastered by every housekeeper.

Another valuable chapter of this manual treats of the signs of disease in these little ones, whose "infans pudor" or other hindrances prevent them from explaining their discomforts and ailments to parent or nurse. Such signs are to be looked for in the face—whether brow, nostrils, or mouth, for each of these betray disorder of head, heart, or stomach—in the demeanour, the voice, the pulse, skin, or tongue. The cries of hunger, of cold, of cramp, and of pain may be discriminated from each other, as the author observantly notes, as well as from the *tearless cry of passion*. This last, we quite agree with him, is unmistakable, and quite distinct. Mr. Barrett inspires confidence in the soundness of his judgment by his assertion that "the less medicine children take, the better." Dietetic measures, exercise, open air, change of air, are in ordinary cases infinitely more efficacious; whilst in fevers, epidemics, and other grave cases the medical man must be allowed plenary authority, and edged tools must not be trusted to those who cannot use them aright. On this ground we do not attach so much value to the second half of Mr. Barrett's volume as to the first; though it is true that the hints on the treatment of special diseases may be useful as confirmation to the doubtful-minded, and sometimes suggestive in emergencies. Thus those who have read the pages on rheumatic fever will be prepared for its affecting the heart at different stages of the disease; and a study of those on diphtheria will satisfy the doubtful that one of the two means of successfully treating it is to support the strength with port wine, champagne, or even brandy at an early stage of the malady. Here and there we get a valuable hint for an emergency, as when the question is "how to stop the bleeding of a wounded artery," or how to act when a child has "swallowed a foreign substance"—e.g. a small coin, a button, or a pebble. "The quickest emetic is the finger passed well down the back of the throat"; but we confess we were unprepared for the caution not to *slap a patient* under such circumstances *on the back*. We have always heretofore cherished the example of Buckhurst Falconer in Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage*, who, though an indifferent priest, got the best living in the diocese for his presence of mind in thus assisting his bishop to get rid of a fish-bone from his throat. After Mr. Barrett's caution we shall feel our hands tied should any similar opportunity arise for displaying a promptitude sure to be remembered in a diocesan's promotions or a rich man's will. The remarks in pp. 176-7 on "change of air and climate" are as instructive as they are curious.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A NEW biography of Goethe by Karl Goedeke* is a work of decided merit, and may be strongly recommended as a useful companion to all students of his writings. It is nevertheless far

* *Goethe's Leben und Schriften*. Von Karl Goedeke. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate.

from being the biography which Germany is to produce some day, but of which we as yet see little sign. Mr. Lewes remains immeasurably above all other biographers of Goethe; for, with resources of information equal to those possessed by any German, he alone has approached the subject in the frame of high-strung enthusiasm requisite for the production of a great work. Herr Goedeke must not be judged by too high a standard. His subject, as he tells us, has not been independently conceived, but has grown upon him insensibly as he added preface after preface to the successive volumes of a collected edition of Goethe's writings. The work has therefore inevitably something of a disjointed, and something too much of a purely literary, air. "I considered it my business," says the author, "to keep the poet as closely as possible to his studies and achievements." The prefaces not having been incorporated with the body of the narrative, but remaining isolated as detached chapters, following in uninterrupted succession, the biographical part of the work frequently falls so much into the background that we seem to be perusing a mere literary disquisition. It is perhaps fortunate that in the composition of his prefaces the author was restricted to prescribed limits. His criticism is generally sound and sensible; he is free from any exaggerated estimate of his author, erring perhaps, if anything, rather in the opposite extreme. Although, however, the biographical is not the leading department of the book, it is ably executed, and manifests a perfect command over the principal sources of information. Here, as elsewhere, the writer preserves his independence of judgment, and does not hesitate to bestow censure when he considers it deserved.

H. von Treitschke's political essays* are valuable partly from their good sense and sound judgment; qualities sufficiently attested by the fact that the author is able to reprint the speculations of ten years without alteration—partly from their characteristically Teutonic spirit. They are as complete an exposition of the aspirations and tendencies of the average Teutonic mind as could easily be produced; and when we find the writer pronouncing that Austria must be let alone, as her German provinces will probably gravitate to the Empire of their own accord, that the Russian alliance is more valuable to Germany than the Baltic provinces, that the Luxemburgers must be made Germans in spite of themselves, that democrats and socialists are mischievous nuisances, whatever we may think of the propositions, we feel a conviction of their really commending themselves to the author's public.

The last volume of Arnold Schaefer's History of the Seven Years' War† embraces the least interesting portion of that great struggle. The great battles had mostly been fought, and the military operations, though not less worthy of study in a professional point of view, are less exciting for the general reader. The most dramatic episode is the rescue of Frederick from imminent ruin by the sudden death of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, one of the most remarkable instances of the effect which an apparent accident may produce in politics. The volume is, however, particularly interesting to English readers from the increasing prominence of the part performed by this country and the frequent dependence of the narrative on the despatches of English envoys.

The title of Dr. Sierke's *Visionaries and Impostors of the Eighteenth Century*‡ excites expectations which the book fails to fulfil. We had hoped for a museum of recent discoveries in the regions of eccentricity, and find only five biographies, three of such well-known personages as Swedenborg, Mesmer, and Cagliostro. From the author's point of view, he seems to have no business with Swedenborg or Mesmer either. He considers his impostors and fanatics not merely as such, but as men engaged in a conspiracy to prolong the reign of ignorance and superstition on the earth. The slightest insight into the tendencies of Swedenborg's writings, or acquaintance with the character of the persons chiefly influenced by them, would have shown him the utter absurdity of such a notion as respects the seer of Stockholm. Religious mystics, however dogmatic in the enunciation of their own peculiar gospel, are almost invariably revolutionists in relation to the creed to which they are nominally attached, and Swedenborg affords quite as striking an illustration of this fact as the Sufis or Master Eckart. The use of Mesmer's name in this connexion is even more unwarrantable. The possibility of inducing an unconscious state by mesmeric manipulations is now very generally admitted; if Mesmer's explanation of the phenomenon is generally rejected, this is no impeachment of his good faith. An observer is not bound to furnish the correct interpretation of what he describes under pain of being pronounced a charlatan. Cagliostro is too vulgar a quack to deserve the prominence here accorded him; and the legitimate interest of the book is concentrated in two less known characters, the necromancer Schrepfer and the exorcist Gassner. The former, the original of Schiller's "Ghost-seer," was unquestionably one of the most impudent impostors that ever practised on the credulity of mankind; the latter may possibly have been to some extent deceived by his patients. Dr. Sierke's own position is that of a thorough unbeliever in everything occult; he nevertheless pays his own tribute to the marvellous in the shape of a firm belief in the ubiquity and other preternatural attributes of the Jesuits, who were, according to him, the secret instigators of Cagliostro, Mesmer, Schrepfer, Gassner, and (as he would fain but cannot quite believe), Swedenborg.

* *Zehn Jahre deutscher Kämpfe. Schriften zur Tagespolitik.* Von H. von Treitschke. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

† *Geschichte des siebenjährigen Krieges.* Von Arnold Schaefer. Bd. 2. Abth. 2. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Schwärmer und Schwindler zu Ende des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. Eugen Sierke. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Asher & Co.

The literary performances of K. F. von Klöden's* lifetime, though most honourable and useful, are not calculated to perpetuate his name, but we are much mistaken if his autobiography does not take rank as a German classic. Entirely unpretending, and sometimes almost fatiguingly minute, it is nevertheless a masterpiece of ingenuous self-portraiture and graphic narrative. In its warmth and simplicity it reminds us of Mr. Smiles's Life of Stephenson, with the zest of autobiography superadded. Klöden's early days were days of hardship; his father was a gatekeeper in a petty Prussian town. All the circumstances of this sordid existence are described with accuracy, but without repulsiveness; we have read few passages of autobiography more interesting than the account of the boy's wakening to intellectual life from the perusal of Campe's *Swiss Family Robinson*. The description of the manners and customs of his Jewish fellow-townsmen is also full of interest. Later we find him the discontented apprentice of an uncle, a goldsmith at Berlin, whose unamiable household is sketched to the life. This was the period of study, of the arduous acquisition of knowledge under every disadvantage, ultimately of the development of the extraordinary talent for mapping which procured him patrons and resources, until he found himself at the head of the Berlin Industrial School. The whole is interspersed with the liveliest sketches of scenes and persons, and is not the less enjoyable for a perceptible under-current of self-complacency, combined with a knack of exhibiting opponents and other unacceptable persons in a disagreeable light as it were by accident. Taken as a whole, however, the morality of the book is equal to its entertainment, nor is it usual to encounter so many proofs of tenderness and sweetness of disposition in the lives of persons who have made their own way in the world.

Dr. Pünjer's little critique on Kant's Theory of Religion† is advantageously distinguished by its objective character and impartial tone.

The subject of Dr. W. Endemann's work‡ on the development of modern economical and financial legislation under the influence of Roman and ecclesiastical jurisprudence, is one of the most interesting which it is possible to treat, and his work will be most serviceable to the future historian of culture. The first section describes the long and arduous struggle from the twelfth to the eighteenth century by which the lawfulness of lending money at interest eventually came to be acknowledged in the teeth of theory, precedent, and infallibility itself. No clearer proof can be found of the Church's liability to commit herself to an untenable position when she intrudes into the domain of the civil magistrate. As Dr. Endemann remarks, however, the pretension, though dropped, has never been retracted, and may be revived at any apparently favourable moment. The second book treats of the history of exchange; the third of partnership; and the fourth of banking, including pawnbroking. In all these departments the theological has had to recede before the secular spirit, and the principle of legislation for the public interest has triumphed over that of legislation on abstract principles, or merely in conformity with authority. Dr. Endemann's illustrations of mediæval jurisprudence are most interesting, and his work abounds in references to the original authorities. A second volume is to follow.

An anonymous treatise on marriage§ is also an important work, not merely on account of the writer's ability, which is considerable, but as being probably a manifesto of the Reformed Catholic party, of which he is evidently a member. In the first part of it he investigates the New Testament theory of marriage, and, having arrived at sound conclusions, proceeds to inquire into the corruptions subsequently introduced. Two of these, of course, are paramount to all the rest, the conception of marriage as a mere *pie à la mode*, and the celibacy of the clergy. Both of these are vigorously assailed by the writer, who pronounces in favour of the recent State legislation as a useful transition to a better state of things.

It may be questioned whether *Osiris*|| will add much to the reputation of the author of *Isis*, so far at least as concerns the portion of the work which relates to physical science. On this ground the writer has no pretensions to originality, and can but sum up and restate the results obtained by others. The work is designed as an exposition of the laws governing Nature and Man—a "Cosmos" adapted to the present state of knowledge, but including those departments of mental science with which Humboldt declined to meddle. The discussion of these, however, if not the soundest, will no doubt be the most attractive part of the book. The writer gives notice that the part of his work relating to organic existence will be based upon the unconditional acceptance of the Darwinian theory. Some will consider this a proof that the period for such a cosmogony as he is ambitious of framing has not yet arrived. The volume now published will encounter less contradiction, being little else than a perspicuous explanation of the genesis of the solar system in general, and the earth in particular, on the premises laid down by Laplace.

* *Jugenderinnerungen K. F. von Klöden.* Herausgegeben und vervollständigt von Max Jahns. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

† *Die Religionslehre Kant's.* Von Dr. G. C. B. Pünjer. Jena: Mauke. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Studien in der romanisch-kanonischen Wirtschafts- und Rechtslehre.* Von Dr. W. Endemann. Bd. 1. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Ehe, populär wissenschaftlich dargestellt.* Von einem katholischen Theologen. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Nutt.

|| *Osiris. Weltgesetze in der Erdgeschichte.* Von C. Radenhausen. Bd. 1. Hft. 1. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Asher & Co.

Count Anton von Prokesch-Osten* has produced a handbook to Egypt and the accessible parts of Nubia which, so far as we can judge, seems useful and practical, and, such as any travelling Englishman acquainted with German may advantageously associate with his own good Murray. The Count's strong point is his acquaintance with Egyptian history and archaeology.

Mme. von Kudriafsky's† lectures on Japan are, to a considerable extent, made up from Mr. Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*, and must be highly interesting to Germans unacquainted with that delightful book. Others might have preferred information at once more recondite and more substantial.

The late Dr. Hankel's‡ intention of writing a complete history of mathematics in antiquity and the middle ages was frustrated by his death. The work, however, was left in so advanced a state as to require no apology for its publication. It is, even to non-mathematical readers, perspicuous and interesting, and, while sufficiently copious, still of very manageable compass. After discussing the origin of reckoning and calculation, and the rationale of the various numerical systems in use among mankind, the writer traces the development of mathematical science through the Greeks, Indians, and Arabs into the mediæval period, and up to the Renaissance. The Greeks, Dr. Hankel thinks, derived the germs of their knowledge from the Egyptians, but so vivified and expanded these as to be entitled to rank as new creators of the science. They were in turn the instructors of the Indians, whose first eminent mathematician was born about A.D. 476. Greek and Indian influences contended for the mastery with the Arabs, the former preponderating more and more as the Arabs became better acquainted with the learning of the Western world. The Arabian inventor or restorer of algebra, Mohammed ben Musa, did not derive his knowledge from the Greek treatises of Diophantus, still less from the Indians, neither was the conception original with him. The difficulties of the problem can only be surmounted by supposing that, after the extinction of classical culture, a knowledge of the subject had lingered on among the Syrian or the Persian subjects of the Caliphate. The great mathematical genius of the middle ages was Leonard of Pisa, whose method, contrasted with that of the brilliant but erratic Diophantus, illustrates the superiority of the modern intellect in patience and persistence. Such are Dr. Hankel's conclusions on some of the most interesting of the subjects discussed by him. He is an enemy to logic, and remarks that the periods when it has principally flourished have been the most unfavourable to mathematics.

In a massive volume Dr. G. Cohn§ discusses the railway system of England, mainly with a view to the question of the acquisition of the railways by the State. In his first chapter he treats of railway administration in its relation to law and the executive; in the second he inquires into the manner in which the Companies fulfil their obligations with respect to the public convenience; in the third he discusses their financial position and rates of fares and freights; in the fourth he sums up in favour of their purchase by the nation. Whatever may be thought of his conclusion, the work shows a careful study of English Blue-Books on the subject, and is probably a much fuller digest of them than any to be obtained in this country.

Professor Georg Curtius|| seems to have established a Philological Society or Club at Leipzig, consisting, so far as appears, of his own pupils. The subject of his instructions being Greek, it is not surprising that the labours of the Society should be devoted to that language. Nine disciples have united to present him with a token, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his professorship, consisting of an essay apiece on some recondite subject of Greek philology. The most important is the first, by C. Angermann, on the causes which have operated to produce the divergence between Greek and Latin. The most generally interesting, but also the least original, is that by E. Beermann, on the words borrowed by Latin from Greek.

W. Scherer's lectures and essays¶ fall into three sections of unequal value. The first consists of disquisitions on the origin of the German nationality, literature, and language, with a particularly interesting study of the voyage of Pytheas of Marseilles, the first navigator who made the shores of Germany known to the civilized world. The credibility of Pytheas, like that of Megasthenes much impugned by his contemporaries, seems, like that, in a fair way of being re-established on most essential points. Even his statement of amber being used as a combustible has been shown to be true in a measure as regards inferior varieties. His principal merit, however, is his application of astronomical observations to geographical purposes. The essays on the development of the German language and the origin of its literature are also well worth reading. A second group of a slighter character is still connected by a unity of interest. They relate to Austrian literature; the most important is

a minute and somewhat tedious dissection of the dramas of Grillparzer. The miscellaneous notices at the end of the volume are too slight to be worth reprinting.

The expediency, at least the necessity, of reprinting the greater part of the new series of Julian Schmidt's critical essays* may also be a subject of debate. This would hardly have been thought of if they had been his first instead of his last. The only one of real importance is that on the late Otto Ludwig, and this owes its main interest to the circumstance of the poet having been the critic's intimate friend, and accustomed to unbosom himself in his correspondence both as respected the progress of his works and the strong and weak points of his literary talent, as they appeared to himself. This unusual circumstance renders the review unusually piquant. Another essay, that on Strauss as a theologian, is interesting from the writer's more ingenious than successful endeavours to establish a genuine distinction between his author's standpoint and his own. An analysis of the Russian novelist Pisemski's "Thousand Souls" is not unworthy of preservation in a permanent form. With these exceptions, the essays, though highly creditable to the publications where they originally appeared, might well have been left there.

Arthur Fitger's tragedy, *Adalbert of Bremen*†, is a work of talent, but, like most modern tragedies, too much a work of reflection. It turns on the conflict of Pope and Emperor in the eleventh century, and is evidently prompted by the renewal of the struggle in the nineteenth. In the two curious old "Puppet Comedies"‡ edited by C. Engel, where the whole responsibility of entertaining the spectators rests upon Jack Pudding, a little drollery is made to go a great way. They afford an unfavourable contrast to the sprightliness and pungency of Tieck's and Marc Monnier's pieces of the same class, but are interesting as germs of a class of composition meriting more attention than it has received in modern times.

Herr Fitger§ is more successful as a poet than as a dramatist, and yet his pieces can hardly be said to attain the level of genuine poetry. They are inspired in part by the doctrine of the struggle for existence, and contain much masculine sense expressed in nervous language. The best are perhaps the *cyclus* of reminiscences of Rome entitled "Via Felice," and composed in elegiac verse. This form is especially adapted to the writer's talent, and his diction is often remarkably terse and epigrammatic.

Georg von Oertzen|| is also a master of form, and there is something very refreshing in the ringing rhymes and spirited versification of his anonymous "Satires and Glosses," political and social. The thoughts are also those of an observant man accustomed to think for himself; but although each individual stanza is carefully elaborated, the pieces as wholes frequently appear deficient in point. The same mastery of form is conspicuous in his "Lays of a Young Man's Love," a kind of half-veiled confession of youthful errors supposed to be made to an affectionate wife. The imitation of Heine is too visible.

A reprint of a standard history of modern German literature¶ deserves notice on account of the additions made to the final chapters by a very competent editor. The dramatic history of J. L. Klein** (singular misnomer!) threatens to be as extensive as the drama itself. It has reached the first part of the eleventh volume, being the first part of the fourth volume of the special history of the Spanish stage. The author is at present on the inexhaustible subject of Calderon.

* *Charakterbilder aus der Zeitgenössischen Literatur*. Von Julian Schmidt. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Adalbert von Bremen*. Trauerspiel. Von Arthur Fitger. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

‡ *Deutsche Puppenkomödien*. II. Herausgegeben von C. Engel. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

§ *Fahren des Volk*. Gedichte von Arthur Fitger. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

|| *Satyren und Glossen eines Weltmannes*. Stuttgart: Metzler. London: F. Norgate.

¶ *Liedeslieder aus jungen Tagen*. Von Georg von Oertzen. Heidelberg: Weiss. London: F. Norgate.

¶ *Die deutsche Nationalliteratur im XVIII. und XIX. Jahrhundert*. Von Joseph Hillebrand. Dritte Auflage, durchgesehen und vervollständigt von K. Hillebrand. 3 Bde. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

** *Geschichte des Drama's*. Von J. L. Klein. Bd. xi. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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* *Nifahrt bis zu den zweiten Katarakten*. Von Anton Graf von Prokesch-Osten. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

† *Japan*. Vier Vorträge. Von E. von Kudriafsky. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

‡ *Zur Geschichte der Mathematik in Alterthum und Mittelalter*. Von Dr. H. Hankel. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Zur Beurtheilung der Englischen Eisenbahnpolitik*. Von Dr. G. Cohn. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Sprachwissenschaftliche Abhandlungen, hervorgegangen aus Georg Curtius, Grammatischen Gesellschaft zu Leipzig*. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Vorträge und Aufsätze zur Geschichte des geistigen Lebens in Deutschland und Oesterreich*. Von W. Scherer. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

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Manuals of Constitutional History. Tourgueneff's Recent Works. Olympia.
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—The Snow Storms—Life Assurance—The Bloomsbury Black Hole—Statistics
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—Minor Notices.

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